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A more life & old-time recollections
the public house, and Taverns of
London and Caricatures

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the drawings thereof, described
in very plain Anglo-Saxon
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A
VADE MECUM
FOR
Malt-Worms :
OR, A
GUIDE TO GOOD FELLOWS.

BEING
A DESCRIPTION of the **Manners** and **Customs** of
the most Eminent *Publick Houses*, in and about the
Cities of LONDON and WESTMINSTER.

WITH
A HINT on the PROPS (or Principal CUSTOMERS)
of each HOUSE.
In a METHOD so plain that any Thirsty PERSON
(of the meanest Capacity) may easily find the nearest Way
from one HOUSE to another.

Illustrated with proper Cuts.

Dedicated to the BREWERS.

LONDON :
Printed and Sold by *T. Bickerston*, at the *Crown*, in
Paternoster-Row.



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THE DEDICATION.

TO you, Right Worshipful the Brewers !
 This Pamphlet that of Course is yours,
 Because it treats of Sucking Faces,
 Applies for Favours and for Graces,
 In every One's respective Station,
 By way of formal DEDICATION :
 Hoping, at least, you'll shew your Breeding,
 In giving it a transient Reading :
 And will allow some Minutes Leisure,
 From CASH-BOOK, that makes known your Treasure,
 To look on BOOK, which 'thout Offence,
 Tells you by whom you get the PENCE ;
 To whom you are yourselves beholding,
 Their CUSTOMS and their TRADE unfolding ;
 Which from the MASH-TUB and the VAT,
 Mount you up to the Lord knows what,
 Make you to COACH yourselves and Spouses,
 And build up PALACES for HOUSES.

What if't some Chaps of yours affront ?
 Must you straight cry out, Fye upon't ?

Sure

THE DEDICATION.

Sure men of BUNG-HOLES and of GRAINS,
 Can't be so destitute of BRAINS,
 As not to know from whence arise,
 The Golden Heaps that glut their Eyes,
 Especially since not a Line,
 Prevents their gulling Fools of Coyn,
 But adds to what they've got before,
 Pointing out Places o'er and o'er,
 Where the best LIQUOR'S to be had,
 Without one word of Drink that's bad.

Then Doughty Sons of HOPS and MALT,
 Say not our Author is in Fault,
 Or for discovering foolish Pranks,
 Deserving any Thing but Thanks ;
 Not that he fears what shall ensue,
 For as some BAKE so some may BREW ;
 Or dreads the least impending Danger,
 From the Caprice of Friend or Stranger ;
 Since he declares, the word's WAR HAWK !
 Shou'd WHITE Apron, BLUE Apron baulk, }
 And make One's Drink disgrace the other's Chalk. }

It is decreed—Nor shall your Fate,
 (If you of Malt and Hops abate,
 If One of you be found so hardy,
 As to be caught in Duty tardy)
 Be otherwise than that which ROME
 Assign'd to be a Murd'rer's Doom :
 For, take him rightly, too much Water }
 Is full as Criminal a Matter, }
 As any Thing that calls for Satyr. }
 And he that could good GUZZLE praise, }
 Can, when 'tis bad, Invectives raise }
 And, for Redress, find Means and Ways ; }
 Since, 'tis most evidently sure,
 He'll quit th' ALE-DRAPER for the BREWER ;
 Turn Justice to its proper Course,
 And place the Saddle on the Right Horse.
 These are the Schemes he has in View,
 So Gentry of the DRAY,

ADIEU.

A SOT *Rampant*.

THIS shews a *Sot* with *Herald's* *Laws* conforming,
 Ev'n whilst against all other *Laws* he's storming.
 See how like *Lyon* (Tho' 'tis held confess'd
 The *Lyon* is, by far, the nobler Beast)
Rampant he leaps aloft, and bounds amain,
 Nor can his Fury in his Cups restrain,
 As he with Pipe in Hand and Brimfull Gage,
 Riots in *Belch*, Huzzaing in his Rage;
 A fit Example for a Vicious Age.
 See! how beneath his Feet, when mounted high,
 His *Hat* and *Utensil* of Smoaking lie;
 Without one Chair to sit upon, when tyr'd
 Of being so inhumanly inspir'd;
 Since nothing like a Man would tope alone,
 And give Offence t' Observers, more than one.
 See likewise, how that, maugre all his Freaks,
 His Capers, and his Bacchanalian Tricks,
 How he sticks close as can be to the Table,
 To part with what's his Ruine most unable;
 From whence this sure Instruction may arise,
Mad Folks make *sober* Men, and *Fools* make *Wise*.

A SOT *Couchant*.

THIS Figure, not improperly displays,
 What may our just Abhorrence likewise raise.
 Ebriety is here at full Length seen,
 And different is the Posture and the Mien.
 This Fellow puts us on another View,
 Reaching for Drink, he reaches but to spew.
 The Full-pot stubborn, uncomplying stands
 And while the Glass tips over, flies his Hands.
 Fain would the Wretch with Wig to Chair affix'd,
 And *Tube* on Ground with Dust and Spittle mix'd,
 Prostrate upon his Face on Table lie,
 Downward he casts a glimmering sickning Eye,
 That redning shuns the Light and flies the Sky.
 But oh ! nor Indolence, for which he calls,
 Nor Sleep upon his restless Eye-lids falls.
 Guilt and more Drink still hold the Sot awake,
 He gapes, and thirsts for Thirstiness's sake.
 Drowsie, he thinks the Room around to swim,
 When 'tis himself that's in his wonted Trim,
 And Motion circulates alone in him.

}

}

A

A SOT *Dormant*.

BUT, tho' the Two-leg'd Brute, we last observed
 Senseless, most sensibly in Sculpture carv'd,
 Tho' *Morpheus* on his Eyes no Plumbets laid,
 Here sleeps a Sot most finely brought to Bed,
 On Chair reclining a most thoughtless Head.
 Devoy'd of all the ruffling Cares of Life,
 His naked Children and his starving Wife,
 He snores and dreams of Riches not his own,
 And Treasure from his Habitation flown,
 E'er since his Family remain'd unfed,
 And his own Lust of Drink deny'd them Bread :
 But yet alas ! when the awak'ning Morn
 Shall all his former Images return,
 When Truth shall stare the Drunkard in the Face,
 And represent his sad and dismal Case,
 Then, then he'll see, altho' perhaps too late,
 The Ruine that attends his hapless State,
 And find, to his irremediable Pain,
 H' has *Drank to Sleep*, and *Slept to Drink* again.

A SOT *Saliant*.

WHEN *Heels* are heavy, and when *Head* is light,
 And *Understanding* bids the *Wretch Good-*
[night,

To make a *Leap*, cannot be very right.
 But yet there's some *Excuse* for this same Sot,
 Who turns his *Back* upon the *Pipe and Pot* ;
 Both empty, then sufficient *Grounds* enough,
 For his *Endeavours* to be marching off,
 By groping out his *Way* to find the *Door*
 And shun the *Dreadful Chalk*, that marks the dreadful
[score.

Would he take time to think, h'd soon remark
 The *Leap* he strives to take, is in the *Dark*,
 And that this heedless *Drunkard*, to his *Cost*,
 When all his *Faculties* of *Soul* are lost,
 Will find, amidst his most insatiate *Draughts*,
 Ill Acts *Forerunners* of ill boding *Thoughts* ;
 Which must, in spite of all his *tippling Haste*
 To gratifie an undigesting *Taste*,
 Fulfil the *Proverb*, and its *Truth* secure,
 That says, *Sweet Meats will have a Sauce that's Sow'r*, }
 Since he that drinks for *Wealth* must certainly be }
[poor.]

In the



Mint.

First let's with *Justice* in the *Mint* begin,
 A SIGN that seems an Enmity with Sin ;
 Yet, as without 'tis blind, it winks at Crimes within.
 Here sulking Debtors, who the Laws evade
 Are Judges in the Laws Defiance made,
 And make a Jest of what has been their Dread.
 Here suppliant Bailiff, with uplifted Hands,
 At their unmerciful Tribunal stands ;
 Certain that no Excuses they'll admit
 If in his Pocket there be found a Writ ;
 That plunges him in Ditch o'er Head and Ears,
 Whose'er Authority or Stamp it bears ;
 But still, however Heathenish is the Club,
 The Landlord's said to sell good Christian Bub ;
 And, as the Lawrell'd Satyrist relates,
 The Bankrupts have their Jests, he their Estates.

Other Houses of Note.

Old Winter, at the Stones-end, sells excellent Bub, and has a Parrot that swears as fast as a Dragoon.

Nag's Head near St. George's Church ; — Who is always possess'd of as many Buts of humming Bible, as there are Days in the Year.

Three Goats Heads — A Bit of Old Hat.

Coach and Horses, St. Margarets-hill.

Magpye and Bear, both at the Bridge-foot, good Beer.

In the



Mint.

From hence, (since *Justice* is to *Justice* done,
 Here out of Date with every Mother's Son,)
 If you'd encourage such familiar Scabs,
 As sell rum Bouze to those that wear queer Nabs,
 That strip'd of all, by Spickets and by Taps,
 Lie swilling from the reach of dreadful Snaps :
G——ge Gil——n at the *Harrow* and the *Lamb*,
 Stands ready to accost you for a Dram ;
 Or else, if Money cannot rise so high,
 And nought but *Copper Johns* in Pocket lye,
 To squeeze you of a Tankard, for he's dry. }
 Manners and he have long at Variance been,
 No Footsteps of his H——sty are seen ;
 For tho' he draws, and serves his Drink in Plate,
 And makes his Quarts and Pints to circulate.
 Tho' the rich Oar runs shining thro' his House,
 All his Debts paid, the Br—te's not worth a Louse ;
 But, catch'd without the Confines of the Place,
 Would soon be forc'd to strip, and soon uncase.
 For howsoe'er his *Nanney* looks on high,
 And he, *you Thief* to *This* and *That* does cry, }
 His Tankards then for other Ends would fly ;
 Since in a Moment 'twould be made appear,
 He liv'd *within*, but not UPON the *Square*.

In the



Mint.

SURE as a Gun, Will J——l is an Host,
 That of his *Customers* will make the most;
 Will, (for his Female Chaps *Hoop-Petticoated*)
 Be, (tho' 'twere not on Record) bravely noted.
 This Man of Men is Mettle to the Back,
 Knows how to carry Gold a-Pick-a-Pack,
 And has of sudden Schemes a Wondrous Knack. }
 Witness the Duke d'Aumont, who bought the Rabbit,
 And from whom he escap'd in Gard'ners Habit.
 Witness his dextrous Skill in Running Goods,
 His Brandies, Pictures and his Lute-string Hoods:
 All these, and more he is most thoroughly vers'd in,
 But ne'er detected, not one Doit amers'd in.
 Much Good, say I (tho' with that Trade clandestine,
 Experience tells us that there is no Jestings)
 May these his clancular Projections do him,
 While none can say that *black's his Eyebrow* to him.
 Since all Men, 'till they're caught, are just accounted,
 And who ne'er saw him *hors'd*, ne'er saw him *mounted*.
 Since not one Drop of Liquor he retails, }
 Of pleasing, in his courteous Dwelling, fails,
 And all his Beers are prais'd, and all his Ales. }
 But above all, were it suppos'd the Man
 Could not obtain Respect, the Women *can*,
 Since ev'ry *Strum* that his Abode has try'd,
 And shewn the *Cooper's Arms* extended wide }
 Has, though upon her *Back*, Applauses on her *Side*. }

Leadenhall



Street.

'TIS also fit our Traveller should call
 At the *Bull-Head*, in Street call'd *Leadenhall* ;
 Whose Landlord, *with a Boatswain's Voice that's*
[hoarse,
 (Say what he will, he has had that Post of course)
 Bawls for his Vassals *this* and *that* to Draw,
 And keeps them, hurried off their Legs in Awe.
 As *Man* by Name, so he'll by *Nature* be,
 And bounce and uff by *Land*, as well as *Sea*.
 Here every Liquor is serv'd up in State,
 And every poor Mechanick drinks in Plate ;
 Looks formidably great, no Monarch higher,
 Than him when blust'ring o'er *Tom Man's ENTIRE*, }
 For so the *Belch* is call'd that sets his Face on Fire ; }
 But above all the Customers, there's none
 Like *Hall* can *Rattle*, or like *Hall* can *Pun*.
 A Barber, and tenacious Prate a-pacer,
 With Wit not half so sharp as is his Razor ;
 Nicknam'd *Born-drunk*, he's still devoid of Senses,
 Yet still to *Latin* making strange Pretences,
 As with his Host he ever makes a stir,
 And cry's to him *hic vivit Thomas Vir*.
 That is, as sure as there is Cup or Can,
This House is kept by boatswain Thomas Man.

Other Houses of Note. Magpye, Fenchurch Street ;
 White-hart, and White-lyon, Grace-church Street,
 the latter the Receptacle of Porters and Carousing
 Carmen,—thanks to the demolish'd Boot ! George,
 St. Mary-Axe, Magnaminous Beer.

Duke's



Place.

John H—l must now, to *Saddle* the right Horse,
 Be visited by Customers of Course,
 For his *Old Gold, New Gold*, his *Ale* and *Sack*,
 And all the Liquors Nick-nam'd in his Pack.
See, see Seignior's our Landlord's common Word,
 A Full-pot Boy, a Second, and a Third;
 How the Drink sparkles and resembles Wine!
 And how the juice of Malt, out-does the Vine!
 So flavour'd, and so racy, and so fine!
 Thus from a *Sadler* in his last Decays,
 He from the Tap vast Stores of Wealth does raise,
 To make his Daughter, which she can't fall short in,
 What she deserves, a reputable Fortune;
 Since she will in a well conducted Life,
 As she's a blameless Virgin, prove a blameless Wife.
 Here *Circum* and *Uncircumcis'd* frequent,
 And Jews with Christians give full Hogsheads vent:
 Here in Green Arbors, hospitably gay,
 They spend the vacant Portions of the Day,
 And for inviting Drink most reasonably pay.
 As from his House no Customers depart,
 But owns the Master's Usage glads their Heart:
 Contents them in such manner Night and Morn,
 As proves they leave him only to return:
 Only to come again the Day ensuing,
 And Speak his Skill in Drawing, *Tate's* in Brewing.

Other Houses of Note. Queen's Head, Lime-street;
 Fleece, Leadenhall-Market—Dr. Butler's Ale.—A
 Tenement to Let. Green Dragon, ditto, surrounded
 with Butter and Eggs.

White-



Chapel.

THE *Magpye* now, that Party-colour'd Gipsie,
 Calls on its Guests to enter and be Tipsie,
 Not only to regale their Taste but Sight,
 And gives to every Sense an Appetite ;
 There doubt not meeting what you'll surely find,
 An Entertainment suited to your Mind,
 Whether the Landlord's Countenance bespeaks
 Your Praise, or what he sells your Approbation takes.
 Not so the *Bird* whilome near *Newgate* sung, }
 In such a decent Vehicle was hung,
 Or pendent in the Air was toss'd about and swung, }
 Not so the Gossip of a Pratler stood,
 This painted upon *Copper*, that on *Wood*.
 Outward of this fam'd House a Prospect's seen, }
 That recommends the Liquor sold within,
 And leads you to their Taste thro' *Vistoes* ever green. }
 Malice itself, howe'er it backward seem,
 In speaking well of what demands Esteem,
 Must hold no Tenement like this is found,
 Or for good Usage or good Drink renown'd ;
 Though it in search of both should Vagrant rove,
 And through the City and the Suburbs move ;
 Because both equally good-liking claim,
 And neither of the two are liable to blame.

Other Houses of Note. The George, and the Blue-
 board, Rosemary-lane, the Bear near the Minories, the
 Red Gate, the Scive, Hanover-Head, Three Kings,
 Queen Mary's-head, and the St—ard, all in the
 Minories. At the last, Fly your Kite.

Collison's Punch-House, St. Katherine's.



BUT lo! exclusive of the Sons of MALT,
 There stands another House without a Fault:
 Whose healing JUICES, and whose grateful BOWLS,
 Glisten within your eyes and sparkle in your Souls.
 Here COLLISON defeats his Step-dame's Wrongs,
 And deals out PUNCH to Customers in Throngs,
 With Looks well-pleasing and Behaviour fair,
 Not stiffened with his Quaking Fat—r's Air;
 Whose prim Compliance with a selfish Br—de,
 All Rights of Hospitality deny'd,
 Ev'n to a Son of an Unspotted Fame
 Blam'd only for his not deserving Blame,
 May'st Thou, much injur'd Youth! that Rage defie
 That looks on thy Success with envious Eye,
 And cannot bear detested Truth so nigh.
 May'st Thou, so prays the Muse that still must take
 Part with the Vertuous, for Vertue's sake,
 Go on, to make her Guiltiness appear,
 And prove what she has been, by what you are:
 As on your just Attempts to Thrive, you find
 Fortune to all your honest Labours kind.
 And tho' turn'd out of Doors long since, to starve,
 Enjoy that Happiness which you deserve,
 In a quick Draught of Cordials, neat and clean,
 While every Dram sh— draws with Saint-like Mien,
 Looks outwardly as foul, as is h—r Soul within.

Rosemary



Lane.

N EAR to the Place where *Frippery-Women* stand
 With *Stays, Coats, Suits,* and *Breeches*, second
 [hand ;

Where rags of every sort and size are sold,
 And Thieves their daily Correspondence hold :
 There stands a House, wherein if Fame not lies,
 The Stars at Noon-day to Men's Sight arise,
 And *Charles* his Wain in Sun-shine greets their eyes.
 Here Topers of all Sexes and Degrees,
 Their Appetites with various Liquors please :
 Expos'd to Sale by Money-getting Host,
 Said many a Road on Horseback to have cross'd ;
 And formerly of Sect styled YEA and NAY, ¹⁴⁹
 T' have *rid* full Speed *through* many a hollow Way :
 Be that as 'tis reported, and 'tis talk'd,
 If he then *rid*, he since has surely *walk'd*,
 And many a Tankard upon Table chalk'd. }
 What's to our Purpose, is, good Drink belongs
 To this same House, where *funcking Chaps* in Throngs,
 Through Clouds arising from Tobacco, joke,
 And swill, and cannot see themselves for Smoak.
 As all promiscuously sit below,
 From Drab of *Monmouth-street*, to *Tow'r-hill* Frow :
 While Shoals of *Tide-Waiters* and Land Surveyors,
 Those licens'd Pilfrers, blow their Pipes up Stairs :
 Determin'd over Drink that's drawn in Plate,
 To let none, but themselves, their Masters cheat,

Holywell-



Lane.

JUST at the Entrance of the Palace Gate,
 Where once King *John* held Royalty in State,
 When freed from Tumults and Rebellious Jars,
 His *Barons* gave him Rest from Civil Wars :
 On the Left Hand erected stands a Sign,
 That notifies strong *Bouse* is sold within ;
 And though the Passage to this House is Queer,
 The Cellars they abound with humming Beer :
 Huge *Casks* of *Drink*, to Sev'n years *Ripeness* mellow'd,
 Scarce by another Victualler to be Fellow'd.
 Here, 'stead of Nobles, once that fill'd each Room,
 Swarm the distressed Gentry of the Loom,
 That ev'n when Starving (so the Drink invites)
 Neglect the Cries of hungry Appetites,
 To satisfy their Prevalence of *Drowth*,
 With Liquor that to them's *Meat*, *Drink* and *Cloth*.
 Not but *Charles Brownrigg*, our well-custom'd Host,
 Can shew Remains of Sov'reignty not lost ;
 And in a Moment, if so pleas'd, produce,
 A Sceptre for the abovesaid Monarch's Use.
 Whereon, in lieu of Gold, upon its Top,
 A rusty Nail, from Club of Oak, starts up,
 And makes it probable, that fix'd thereon,
 A Metal, much more priz'd than Iron, shone ;
 Besides, to put the Thing beyond Contest,
 Some Grandeurs still remaining, 'tis confest,
 Since no House can a clearer Proof afford,
 Than this, where ev'n the Drawer is a Lord.

In Shoreditch.



BUT though the Place just mention'd to its Praise,
 For Drink and Trade amidst its last Decays,
 Not by one Modern Structure is excell'd,
 For what such Houses in Esteem are held ;
 The Dog in SHOREDITCH of adjacent Fame,
 To be set down within our List lays Claim,
 Not only for the Master, but the Dame. }
 He like NATHANIEL whom the sacred Writ
 Speaks to be Good and Just, without Deceit ;
 She, to give Industry and Truth its due ;
 Busied in MARTHA's Part and MARY's too.
 Not that if Mirth be suffer'd to take Place,
 Our NAT's the same with NAT in Scripture's Case ;
 Since in one Sense 't would make a Saint to smile,
 At hearing our characteris'd 'thout GUILLE ;
 Because each Guzler, to a Man can tell here,
 He has full many a GUILLE of Drink in Cellar ;
 That for its Age, its Colour, and its Taste,
 Is not by any Beer to be surpass'd ;
 But may be reckon'd, howsoever fine
 The Work of IRON is beneath the SIGN,
 Our Admiration rather to command,
 At skilful Brewers, than fam'd VULCAN's Hand :
 So smooth, so fine, so soft, and yet so strong,
 Is every Draught of Beer that claims our Song ;
 That if it's Operation's rightly view'd,
 It rather seems to be distill'd than brew'd,
 For into Cranium two black Jacks will steal,
 And make this Dog to bite us by the Heel.

Bishopsgate-



Street.

From hence to House of Eminence we're brought,
 Where Drink by Wholesale and Retail is bought.
 Here both the Gentleman and amorous Tar,
 Have leave to cast their eyes upon the Bar,
 Which holds the Tinsel Piece of Household Stuff,
 Arm'd Cap-a-Pee in Silks, not Steel or Buff.
 She, the fair Lady of this Ancient Mannor,
 Is conversant too much with Points of Honour
 Not to be taught, the Gentry never come
 Out from their Tea, and from their Dining-Room
 'Till Dinner calls, and they in Quirpo dress'd
 Can better than their Viands, please their Guest.
 This Madam knows, and is down Stairs too soon,
 If she's beheld, and told she's lik'd 'fore Noon :
 Yet all this while, to burst her with the Spleen,
 The Helmet that's without, buys *Head-Gear* that's
 [within.

Other Houses of Note.

The Flower-Pot within Bishopsgate, Marlborough's Head ditto, undeniable Drink sold by honest Avery—Old Par's Head without Bishopsgate, Great Beer! Sweet-Apple, in Sweet-Apple-Court, a House famous for mighty Bub—The Names of the Silver Tankards, the Lamb, the Lyon, the Peacock (in Honour of the Brewer) Sacheverell (in Memory of the Doctor) and Nan Elton.—

Note, when you are at this House, if you are disposed for a walk, step to the King's-Head at Hoxton Square, there lives a man of a prodigious Stinking Name; however, he sells fine Amber Beer, but is for no Calicoes.

Cloak-



Lane.

Hence to *Cloak-lane*, near *Dowgate-hill*, we steer
 And at *Three Tuns* cast Anchor for good Beer;
 Since, in Sea-Terms, 'tis proper to accost,
 The Tenement of this Seafaring Host.
 A Man whose House will tell us at first Sight,
 That Navigation has been his Delight,
 And is so still, though worn out with Fatigues
 Of sailing thro' the Deep some Thousand Leagues.
 He only takes the Pleasure now to view,
 What his own Hands and his Assistant's drew;
 As on his Wall, most spacious in extent,
 Are present to his *Eyes* the *Waves* thro' which he went.
 The various Ports of *Adria's* flowing Main,
 The Coastings up to *Tartary* from *Spain*.
 Well does this artful Hand deserve Applause,
 For Map drawn rightly, as the Drink he draws;
 But all description's lost and at a stand,
 At Sight of Rarity from **China's* Land,
 Where, form'd of Ivory, the merry Grigs
 Lye comically 'twixt each others Legs.
 His Chimney-Piece likewise deserves regard,
 For four Kings treated once in *Vintry* Ward;
 All at one time the Guests of one Lord Mayor,
 Which *Stow* has made in his *Survey* appear,
 When Vintner *Pickard* grac'd the City Chair.

* This curiosity is to be seen by any Person gratis. It has given great Satisfaction to all lovers of Art and Ingenuity; and we doubt not but it will give full content to all Posture-Mongers. Spectacles are provided for old dim-sighted Fornicators, that they may behold, with grinning Countenance, in their ancient Days, what they lov'd in their Youth. ☞ Time was!

Gr—rs—



A—y.

K—^E T—'s Castle now must stand the Storm,
 A Tenement where City Catchpoles swarm :
 Where, if those Vermin of the Shouldering Trade,
 Chance without Prisoners to show their Head,
 Damn ye, says she, where have ye Loiterers been ?
 Ye sons of Whores, no Prizes to be seen ?
 None's, their Reply ; no Writs have we, to draw
 Grist to your Mill ; for we must act by Law.
 By Law ! what's that ? Is next upon her Tongue ;
 Bring me them in, whether it is Right or Wrong.
 Law ! say ye ? that's a Word quite out of Doors,
 Here Bitc—s, Negroes, Catiff's, Slaves and Wh—re's !
 Where are you PAT ? you Jade, no further Scores ?
 Huzzy, you lazy Brimstone, force a Trade,
 Houses, like mine, are fill'd for getting Bread.
 PAT takes her Cue ; Come Gentry, what's your Pleasure ?
 Brandy, Wine, Ale, Beer, Punch, in any Measure.
 Speak quickly, while I'm here, my Mistress calls,
 No Niggard is allow'd within these Walls.
 While KATE below Stairs seconds her above,
 Come Gentlemen, around the Puppet move :
 Another Sneaker ! or turn into Gaol,
 And to the Keeper JEFF—ys tell your Tale :
 To me such Niggards are not worth a Louse.
 Drink lustily, or to a stronger House.
 Thus the poor Debtor, round beset with Harms,
 Spends ev'n his Grocery, at the Grocer's Arms.
 And thence conducted thro' the Prison Gate,
 Laments what might have kept him there, too late.

Other Houses of Note. The George in Stocks Market, the
 White Horse in Castle-Alley—Excellent Twopenny ! but War
 Stock-jobbers !

Ironmon-



ger-lane.

H *Olm*—s is as merry a Grig, as ever gave
 Woman a Kiss in Wood at *Hornsey* Cave,
 Wherein his Mother mighty Bus'ness drove on,
 Ne'er looking for her righteous Son in Oven ;
 Nor shall he be neglected in my Song,
Good Drink, good Cheer, good Folks to this Housethrong,
 Weavers and Porters bouze within his Doors,
 The first deposit Stuffs, the last leave Scores,
 Chalk'd up at Draughts and mischievous All-Fours. }
 As one-ey'd *Robin* studies how to fool
 His *Brethren of the Knot* with Words he learnt at
 [School ;

This honest Host, for such he's call'd by those
 That are not to the Art of Tipling Foes ;
 Can, at one Pull three Pints of Fine Ale sup,
 And when that's done, perform as much by Tup' :
 Both which are styl'd as good as any drawn,
 To the Sun's Setting, from its Early Dawn ;
 And are as Potent as the Landlord's strong,
 Brisk, Airy, Mettle to the Back, and Young,
 If you'll believe what of himself he says,
 He drinks and Kisses better than he prays.

Other Houses of Note. Bird in Hand, Cheapside,
 Three Crowns, and the King's Head in the Old Jewry ;
 the Bell in Cateaton-Street, an Ancient Fuddling-
 School ; But he that is for well-made Punch, let him
 repair to the Sun in the Alley, in King Street, and
 he will not fall short of his Expectation. The Dyal
 in Queen-street, the Receptacle of Porters.

Lawrence-

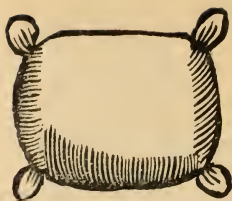


lane.

NOR shall the Sign of Paul, the Saint, be miss'd,
 Kept by a Trojan, true as ever piss'd ;
 A Man that of good *Gill* will never fail ye,
 While he shall bear the Name of *Harry Baily*.
 Hither, next Morning from Nocturnal Pains,
 Of Aching Head, and Giddiness of Brains,
 The Sot, who has too deeply dipp'd his Beak
 In Beer, Punch, Wine, a Cooler comes to take,
 And with *half-Pint* to set those Matters right,
 That *Gallons* had disorder'd over Night :
 As from Sun Rising to its Evening Fall,
 For *Gill* resounds a never-ceasing Call ;
Gill taken by *This* Man is Thoughts to clear,
 By *That*, to whet him to full Draughts of Beer,
 To smoothe the Passage of his Furr'd-up Throat,
 That he again may set each Sense afloat,
 To drown himself in *Belch*, or act the Swine,
 By wallowing in the *Channel* after Wine ;
 And then by Watchman led to Lodging Door,
 To tumble into Bed to Stink and Snore,
 And there repeat in Dreams, till Day's Return,
 What he prepares to do at Night, next Morn.
 Thus Earth, whose Thirst's assuag'd with Showers of
 [Rain,
 Drinks to be Thirsty, and to Drink again.

Other Houses of Note. Cross-Daggers against
 St. Lawrence's Church ; Guy of Warwick, Milk
 Street ; the Beer right good, but the Sots pissing
 against the Wall, offensive to opposite Females, who
 cannot endure those THINGS in their Sight.

Foster-

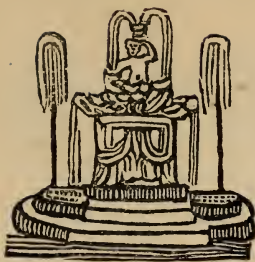


lane.

NOW for a House with Sots replete, and full
Of *Chaps* that deal with *Gold* for *Drink*—
[not *Wool*;

For *Gold's* the Man that keeps it by-the-by,
Once a most merry *Snob* in Garret high.
There, Swarms of Topers of all sorts frequent,
From Daily Labourers, to Men styled Gent.
Of all Opinions and of all Conditions,
Lawyers, Fools, Statesmen, Taylors, Politicians,
Grave Philomaths, Shoemakers, and Physicians. }
These all, though not of Principles alike,
Upon the self-same Key, in *one thing* strike,
As *Tories, Whigs, High-Church* and *Low* confess,
No *Beer* in Town deserves an ill Word less ;
Or, to the Landlord's Credit, be it said,
Better delight the *Taste*, and wears a better *Head*,
While *Org——n*, Champion to Tantivy Club,
Holds it to be most uncontested Bub ;
And Mathematick *W——son* lays it down
For Truth, as plain, as *Three* are more than *One*, }
This *Tipple* is the Best beneath the Sun.
Metc——f, or young Sir *Isaac*, says 'tis so,
And calls the Drink *Excellentissimo* ;
Another, equally of parts most bright,
Christens it by the Name of *Exquisite* ;
But Teague, the Fellow that this Liquor draws,
Speaks much more rightly in its just Applause,
When he (*Cadwallader*), to do it Grace,
Cry it is ORTHODOX, with serious Face.

Cheap-



side.

SAY what you will, when all is done or said,
 The best of *Drinking's* at the *Fountain Head* ;
 Thence, with unsullied Streams the Liquor springs,
 Smoother than is his Voice when *Sta—s* sings,
 And tunes his Pipes to *Staves* of *Psalm* thought-meet,
 For good *St. Mathew's Church* in *Friday-Street*.
 In *Wales* (such is th' observant Trav'ler's Tale),
Parsons themselves turn Victuallers, and sell Ale,
 For want of good fat Stipends, there but thin,
 Which make them retail potent Drink and Gin.
 I speak not this to make the Clergy cheap,
 But to lament the Fate of *Tatter'd Crape*,
 That to this sad Necessity is driven,
 Although he's styl'd a Messenger of *Heaven* ;
 Either upon *Ten Pounds* a Year to starve,
 Or in this *Earthly* way, submit to serve ;
 If so—and without Censure too—'tis plain,
 A Parish Clerk may do the same for Gain.
 May unrestrain'd by Curb from Canon-Law,
 October, and Fine Drink of all sorts draw ;
 And may the Man that keeps this House of Trade,
 Increase th' Advantages that hence are made,
 And in the Sale of every Thing that's good,
 Go on to thrive, as all fair Dealers shou'd,
 While I to do him Justice with my Pen,
 Invite his Customers to say AMEN.

By St. Paul's Chapter House.



BUT *F*——'s House, wherein we're sure to meet
 With every Liquor that's drawn fine and neat,
 Deserves to be set down in Letters Red,
 The *Landlord*, and his *Spouse*, *well-temper'd*, and
[*well-bred*.

Here no Domestick Jars disturb their Peace,
 He studious of her Quiet, she of his;
 As they with Hearts united happy made,
 Possess the Joys of Wedlock, and of Trade
 From the quick Vent of Drinks expos'd to Sale,
 Their Beer, their Stout, their Gill, their *Oxford Ale*;
 Than which, 'twill be a Task that's hard to find,
 What can regale us more in every kind.
 Here Booksellers with Printers strike a Bargain,
 And Authors stand amaz'd at *S*——*lter's* Jargon,
 Who, with quaint Phrase at Sev'nty years and past,
 Ne'er lets his Tongue or Feet have any Rest;
 But talks and frisks, and jumps about amain,
 Spouting forth Words, no Linguist can explain:
 By this means liable to Statute-Law,
 That still hath kept false Coiners under Awe;
 Since 'tis as warrantless in this old *Tony*,
 To Mint new Words, not current as new Money;
 And by persisting in this vile Offence,
 Daily commit High-Treason against Sense:
 For which if *R*——*n—ton* might be his Judge,
 He should, on Hurdle drawn, to Tyburn trudge;
 For he, in *Radcliff's* Medley of Receipts,
 Has not one Term that more his Hearing grates.

Carter-

lane



N Ear to the Place where *Mist* the Printer dwells,
 (*Mist!* that all *News-Writers* in Town excells,
 And by his *Journal's* sale, has made appear,
 It brings him in *Twelve Hundred Pounds* a year ;
 An Income, none that's of true Worth a Judge,
 Can such an hospitable Spirit grudge)
 A Prancer, cloath'd in White, with flowing Main,
 Curvets well painted on a Sign, for Gain,
 To let Folks know, from more than common Cost,
 The Man within's no *Whiffler* of an Host.
 But has by Retail, and by wholesale Trade,
 No small Improvements of his Fortune made.
 There enter in, for Drink well brew'd and clear,
 For Ales well-colour'd, and stout humming Beer ;
 There, if you'd be uneasie during Life,
 With an unsettled Settlement, a *Wife!*
 Niblers at Civil Law, called *Proctors*, wait
 To license you into that restless state ;
 There in a word, you have not far to look
 For *Coup de Grace* from *Mid—l—on C—k*,
 Who from one Publick House, to t'other run,
 To see who tarries there, to be undone ;
 But, O my Friend, let Marriage-Noose be dreaded,
 Rather be drunk ten Times, than one Time wedded.

Ivy



Lane

WITH these, and other Houses of Renown,
 JACK B——L's invites the thirsty Town.
 Here, after Night's Debauch, the Dapper Host
 Early, like SWISS for Point L'ARGENT, takes Post,
 Stands strutting at his Door, and makes a splutter
 With cuz, and cuz, like crow within a Gutter;
 A Name that every Man he meets, goes by,
 And pays Oat Ale for, when our JACK's a dry;
 By taking three Days Journey all in One,
 That makes his Blood precipitately run.
 From an adjacent Printer's, SHARP's the Word,
 He to the Dignity of cuz preferr'd,
 Now Lords it o'er the Does of NEWGATE Mart,
 Where, like Duke TRINCULO, he acts his Part,
 And has his Subjects Welfare equally at Heart.
 Once, on a Time, this Pigmy of a Man,
 Advanc'd from flashing in a Musket's Pan,
 Up to a Sergeant's Port, look'd fierce and big,
 And held his Head much higher than a Whig;
 But now those happy Times are fled and gone,
 And all our Hero's Arms are seiz'd upon.
 Fain would he of his Wife too rid his Hands,
 And get quite shut of Matrimonial Bands;
 But that's a TASK State Catchpoles disavows,
 No Government, but Arms, like those allows;
 Since the poor Wretch, that's punish'd with a Shrew
 (Whate'er Designs are said to be in View)
 Can do no Harm, but as he BAKES may BREW.

In *St. Martin's le Grand*.

W —— *S*, by a Glut of Bus'ness, makes it known,
 He'll yield not to one Bouzing Ken in Town ;
 But can as many Noses in *his* tell,
 As any *Publick He* that bears the *Bell*.
 Hither for *Stout*, and *Stale* Beer, daily stroll,
 Matrons from the *Virtuous Black Mary's Hole* ;
 From every sly Convenience of Resort,
 Where Damsels of the Game are pleas'd to Sport ;
 And easie of Access, no Scruple make,
 To shew the Pains they in their Calling take ;
 As when this *City Chub's* Affairs are done,
 They battle at *One off, another On* ;
 But let's such Dealings pass neglected by,
 And leave them to some other's searching Eye,
 To taste that Drink which bears a Noble Face,
 Whether in Tankard, or in Pot, or Glass :
 And sticking to their sides with lasting Froth,
 Fall on the Taste, most palatably smooth.
 Nor is he less renown'd for Punch well made,
 And all the other Branches of his Trade ;
 For Syder, Brandy and for oily Rum,
 That, unadulterated, hither come
 From *Southam, France*, or from *Barbadoe's* Coasts
 O'er the Left-hand, to drink good honest Toasts.

Whitecross



Street.

BUT who can *Juno's* gawdy Bird espy,
 With every Feather in its Tail an Eye,
 And pass that House of Humming Stingo by?
 Especially when our enquiring Topper,
 Is told, 'tis kept by *F—st's* and *Cal—t's* Cooper
B—ss, or Dr. B—ss, if you please,
 For he has pass'd thro' all Sorts of Degrees :
 Rais'd by good Bus'ness to a good Estate,
 From common Pewter Pots, to Store of Plate,
 That travel through each Room with hasty Pace,
 So fast does every Guzler suck his Face ;
 That no one Victualler's Draught in Town is quicker
 Because he's not for *Preaching o'er his Liquor* :
 But of *his* Mind, who loath the Glass to baulk,
 Said, *It was spoiling Company to talk !*
 Here when some City Traders Dinner's o'er,
 Daily they form a Club in Room call'd *Fore* ;
 A Club that almost is made up entire,
 Of Drawers of fine Gold and Silver Wire.
 Here Captain *B—th*, as honest and as hearty
 A Soul, as ever stood by Church's Party,
 Now Governor of Parish *Gate* call'd *Cripple*,
 With all his num'rous Followers, come for Tipple.
 As the good *Master of the Rolls* decrees,
 No Drink is healthier or can better please ;
 So that from what those two great Men alledge here,
 No wonder *B—ss* has a Seat at *Edger*.

Goswell



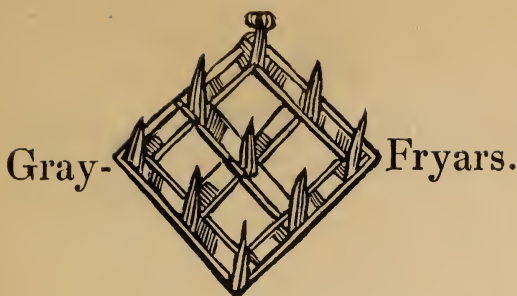
Street.

BEhold the Sign ! the likes not found,
 The Windmill does not turn around,
 But North and South, still stands his ground
 Good Drink, good Wine, good Brandy fill
 Constantly, this inconstant Mill,
 At which all sorts of People swill.
 Far be it, says the *Victualling* Man,
 My W—fe should e'er turn Cat in Pan,
 Far be it she should be mistaken,
 In dealing with a Man of B— ;
 Since she's, which all Men must allow,
 Sprung from the Keeper of a C—w :
 A Sire, who has advised G—d Wot,
 To fill his D— 's Porridge Pot,
 When her *Cuequoque* was on Trot ;
 Which has occasioned mighty Laughter,
 To think of Consequences after ;
 Since she, deserving flagrant Stripes,
 Could hide in *Middletonian* Pipes :
 Wherein, I'd pray, good God forbid,
 That any woman should be hid
 To do that Mischief which she did ;
 Unless Six hundred Pounds can clear
 Accounts, with Matrimonial *Deer*
 And make things be just as they were.

Isling-ton.

IF o'er the Fields, in quest of Drink and Air,
 The Malt inquiring Mortal wou'd repair,
 Let him at *S—n Ap—'s* sit down,
 And his hot burning Thirst with Liquids drown.
S—n ! a bulky, brainless, empty Fool,
 Without a Head, but with his Pockets full,
 For which he has a most unerring Rule :
 Morning, or Noon, or Night, he never starts,
 But shews his Skill in Money-getting Arts :
 Whether he, for Two Shillings in the Pound,
 To Butchers drinks, for Cattle run aground ;
 Or to some other Guests the Tankard sends around :
 Sure is he still to guzzle the first Draught,
 By which the Drink is to the Bottom brought ;
 And circulates with most uncommon speed,
 To make a *Second*, and a *Third* succeed :
 Another, and another, yet be ta'en,
 Down through the Hissing Road of *Gutter-lane* ;
 Till Tympanis'd with *Belch*, he tells his Wife,
 On the least Brawling or Domestick Strife,
 He gets her a full Crown each day of 's life ;
 And so he does, if common Fame not lie,
 It has Tunnage big enough, to drink his Cellar dry.

Other Houses of Note. Star and Garter at Islington—Damn the Gout—Dyal in Goswell-street, high-metal'd Drink, and good Wine. Anchor in Old street, good Beer and good Wine ; — decently performs what he undertakes. Choice Drink at Sam. Mo—is's in Hatfield-street, where any Guzler that can give a tolerable Account of himself, may be supply'd with the Captain—Keep Touch ! Three Pigeons (just by) Old Rosecomb, Landlord : Undeniable Beer ! The Props Grig—n and the two Ayns—th's, eminent for their skill in Cock-fighting.



NOW for Earl *Piercy's* Name-sake, sprung from
 [Race,
 That boasts his Feats of Arms at *Chivey Chace*,
 Where from Earl *Douglass* on his Dapple Grey,
 That Valiant Hero bravely won the Day :
 Yet maugre all his Ancestors Renown,
 Maugre the Ballads that their Actions Crown ;
 This humble unaspiring Man surveys,
 With small or no Regard, that Patriot's Praise,
 And with Blue-Flag twice circling round his Waste
 Looks to his Cellars, and his Chapmens Taste :
 As he gets full Three hundred Pounds a Year,
 By crying, *Boy a Pint of Stair-Foot here !*
 May he grow Wealthy, as his Drink is good,
 His Ale well tasted, and his Beer well-brew'd,
 Since not one Customer at Night or Morrow,
 There says, *He lives like Toad beneath a Harrow.*

Other Houses of Note.

White Hart, Butcherhall-lane, Magnificent Beer !

Swan, Newgate-street, War Hawk !

White Horse, and the Feathers, both in Warwick-Lane :

Guy Earl of Warwick, alias Sunderland's Coffee House in Warwick-Lane : Humming Liquor ! a Wealthy and a Good-natur'd Landlord—The Props or Chief Customers are a positive Distiller and a talkative Florist.

Those who have been Tippling all Day, and cannot quench their Thirst, let them repair to the Night-house, in Newgate Market, where they may be safe from the Cries of their Families.

N—g—te—



Street.

THE Sign that next our wandring Eyes accosts,
Is whose, but *Common-Wealth's* Mens Favourite
[Hosts :

See *Mag* without perch'd chattering on a Stump,
Within sit Sons of *Belial* and the Rump,
Who, void of Shame, o're Two-penny commence
Cut-th—ts, and slaughter Loyalty and Sense,
As Turnkeys, Thieftakers, and Thieves debate,
With Vehemence, about Affairs of State ;
And scarce one Customer in lower Room
But signs the M—chy's and Ch—he's Doom.
While those above, now Bully *Wat—n's* dead,
Snarl with a City C—n at their Head,
And o're good Booz (for give the Devil his due,
Sk—ck the best of Liquors ever drew)
Maudlin the worst of Principles applaud,
And c—se King Charles the First and Bishop *Laud*.

Other Houses of Note.

Coopers-Arms, in Old Baily. ~~See~~ Here Fidlers may have a Double
Dabber for playing Old Oxford.

Joyce at the Cock without Ludgate sells rare Beer.

The Fortune of War in Pye Corner.

Golden-heart, Smithfield, whose Mild and Stale excells his
Neighbours.

Bull-Head, Ivy-lane, good Drink and good Peck.

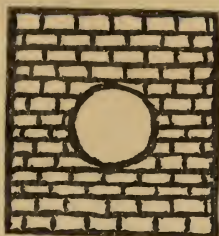
King's-Head, and the Crown both in Newgate-street.

Holborn Hill.




BUT if the Man's *High-Church*, that looks about
 For the best *Mild*, or *Stale-Beer*, *Ale* or *Stout* :
 If he in search of well-made *Punch* is bent,
 And fain would *Tipple* to his Heart's Content :
 Down through the Gate let such a *Guzler* go,
 And climb that Hill, which points at Hill of *Snow*,
 There on the Right, almost against the Dome,
 Where crowds to see and hear *Sacheverell* come,
 With Trees in Front, that cast a verdant Shade,
John Pitney's Name's in spacious Letters read ;
 And Arms with **SEMPER EADEM** are seen,
 In Memory of our late departed Queen.
 There *Dorchester*, at Eight Pence for a Quart,
 Quickens and makes unactive Souls alert.
 There ev'n *H—H—ly* profits by its Juice,
 And Corps-Bearers vent Sentences of Use :
 While they at Whist, Put, Cribbage, or All-Fours,
 Whiten the Table with extended Scores :
 There in a Word, for honest *Pitney's* Sake,
 Is Drink will almost make a CAT to speak.
 With Brandy, that most exquisitely fine,
 Shews that at *Nantz* it issued from the Vine ;
 And undistill'd from Treacle or from Malt,
 Dares the most finish'd Taste to find a Fault :
 As with his Customers, the Landlord quaffs,
 Sings, fiddles, rants, and plays at Cards and laughs, }
 And shews his Choice of Arms and Quarter-Staffs. }

Hatton



Garden.

NOR shall my Guest without a special Call,
 Pass Street call'd *Kirby's* well known Hole in
 [Wall;

Where ev'n the Sign transmits it self to Fame,
 By wearing its facetious Owner's Name.
 O *William!* happy in well-traded House,
 Happy in Temper, and a cleanly Spouse ;
 Joyous and glad, thy Trade increasing see,
 And daily broach full Casks of Threads call'd *Three* ;
 But yet take Notice of a Friend's Advice,
 Folks that sell Ale should not be over-nice ; 
 Should not refuse in Kitchen to admit,
 Such Customers as smoak a Pipe and spit.
 O let thy W—fe that Bargain strait retract,
 And by more cautious Rules of Prudence act ;
 Since thou must know the more those Toppers spawl,
 The more they'll Drink and Piss against thy WALL.

Other Houses of Note.

In Brewer's-Yard, in Cheek Lane, by your old Friend Harry Wilcox, you may be furnished with mighty Beer, and a Glass of Nantz as true as his honest Heart.

New-England on Saffron-hill, Henry Lane, Governor who will eat two pound of Butter without Bread.

The Black-Horse, and the Crowns, Cross-Street.


The Last and Crown, by Cross's Brew-house. A pickled Landlord that sells pickled Eggs. And here you may see variety of Monkey's and Monkeys Tricks.

Two Brewers, honest Jack Statham, Laudable Drink !

Cooper's-Arms, Corner of Peters-street, famous Stout.

Clerkenwell-Green.



HENCE, down through Mutton-Lane, we travel by
 The Sign of *Rover*, with bewareing Eye,
 Where *L—son* stands officious at his Door,
 For Debt of Thirty-nine to grind the Poor ;
 To act the Pirate with his Setting Dogs
 And shew that some are most accomplish'd R—s.
 There stand on Hill, next to the Green that leads
 To good St. *John's* three Protestant Crown'd Heads.
 Queens worthy of the Host that plac'd them there,
 A Man that acts most reputably fair :
Taylor ! that meddles not with Parish-strife,
 Nor takes part with the Curate and his Wife ;
 But to all Parties equally retails,
 And thrives by the good Liquors which he sells.
 Here Whig and Tory are both welcome made,
 His Head's not turn'd to Politicks but Trade :
 Nor minds he what the Clerk and Sexton Prate,
 Either of the Church-wardens or the State.
 For Gain's alone his Business and his Theme,
 Knaves may be Knaves, and Fools be Fools for him ;
 And every Person acts as he thinks fit,
 Biting themselves, if he himself's not bit ;
 As House-Keepers converted into Ladies, 
 Make old *Knights Wives* look bright as any *May Days*.

Adjacent Houses. Crown, Clerkenwell-Close, good Beer.

Cherry-Tree, by New-Prison, Fine-Ale 4d. a Quart, honest Measure, a House of good Usage, and of growing Business.



NOR if the Guest is minded to divert
 Himself with the Sons of Ignorance and Art,
 With wild variety of different Noises,
 Beaus, Butchers, Bailiffs, Pimps, and Harlots Voices :
 Shall he with Eyes uncurious leave unseen,
 That House which *M*——s has got his Riches in.
 There on the Left within a spacious Room,
 Where Customers of all Professions come,
 To see one Female bound upon the CORD,
 And t'other twirl about the pointed sword,
 With Motion as nimble as she us'd in bed
 When she in Childhood lost her Maiden—d.
 With Posture that displays her spacious Thighs,
 And shews how plump her Bum and Bubbies rise ;
 Here in the AREA he may take his seat,
 For two Pence spent in PENY'S WORTH of Wet ;
 Or if upstairs he'd rather choose to go,
 And look down with Contempt on Folks below,
 At Price of Shillings numerous as those Pence,
 Drink a Whole Pint of Wine without Offence :
 While in the KITCHIN Geographick M—LL
 Speaks in the Praise of the Protector NOLL,
 And J—NES who patches Histories at WHITEHALL,
 Brings hidden Mysteries of State to Light all ;
 And serious as in speaking Truth avers,
 Spight of the Maxim EVERY MONARCH ERRS.
 When he himself dogmatically dull,
 Shews Emptiness and ERROR fills his Skull.

Turnmill



Street.

NOW to the Street where Rabble Rout reside,
 Let me from *Smithfield* my Companion guide,
 Thro' the Throngs of Scolds that every Nook frequent,
 And give their restless Tongues eternal Vent.
 Here sits yon many a Matron at her Door
 Calling her *Virtuous* Neighbour *Bitch* and *Whore* :
 As she the Cynder-sifting Madame wrongs,
 Since none would touch her with a pair of Tong's ;
 Just on the right, as you ascend the Hill,
 Which formerly directed to the Mill,
 That (give me leave my meaning to explain)
 Was Godfather to this same Street or Lane,
 And turn'd about when Winds were pleas'd to blow, }
 There stands a *Sign* fit to be call'd a *Shew*,
 Hideous to Sight, with Visage full of Woe !
 Yet fit to make whole Multitudes to Stare,
 At his uncommon Shape, his Posture and his Air.
 See him with rueful, yet with comick Face,
 Smoke, and call Customers to take their Place ;
 Whereof they'll surely more and more make use,
 When they have tasted its *Ambrosial* Dews,
 And syp'd of *Martin's* most prevailing Juice.
Martin ! that never will be known to fail,
 Of the best Liquor e'er expos'd to Sale,
 While Seignior *John* his Pipe in Girdle Tucks,
 And tells you that his Mother *Knoo fed Ducks*.

At the Cross-Keys near this Place, you may fly your Kite.

P—rs—



Block.

THE Dragon, that's without of colour Green,
 Dreadful, as are the Spunging Tribe within,
 Calls us to rest a-while, and take a Bait,
 As House where Varlets for Destruction wait,
 Ready to catch Insolvents by the Back,
 And hold them ty'd to Manger and to Rack.
 For let the Guest, forewarn'd of Harms, be told
 How strong soe'er's the Drink that here is sold,
 That if he prove in Circumstance of Debt,
 He must seek out some other Place to whet,
 Than this vile Den of Bailiffs and of Setters,
 This Receptacle of accurs'd *Men-eaters* ;
 Since he cannot a greater Hazard run,
 Of being most assuredly undone,
 By Writ from Sheriffs, or from Marshall's Court,
 Where Ruin and Imprisonment's a Sport,
 Should he sit down to Drink, and make a stay,
 Amongst these Hoarse rapacious Beasts of Prey,
 That Riot in Delight at Folks Mishaps,
 And Joy for *Woodcocks* caught within their Traps.

ADVERTISEMENT. Next Door to the Sign of Old Seignior John, mention'd in the foregoing Page, lives Honest Lowther, eminent for his Dexterity in Shaving, and his great Skill in Bleeding. This Person has such a value for any true Toper, that, if he has but a Groat in his Pocket, he'll shave him for a Penny, rather than baulk a Double Dabber. Those who have tender Faces, may be here trim'd by a fine, delicate, charming and smooth Hand ; for which no Money will be ask'd, for the Damsel leaves all her Customers to their own Generosity ; but the Author hereof thinks she richly deserves a Teaster. ☞ Come and Welcome !

Fleet-



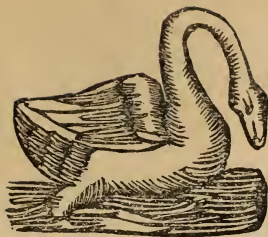
Street.

THERE none but should stand by this House-side,
 Since he that keeps it, has in Fire been try'd ;
 Fire ! that ev'n Gold does purify and clean,
 And purge from its Alloy and Dross within.
 The Good that *Gosling* has advent'rous done,
 The various Hazards he in Flames has run,
 Are specify'd in Instance more than One. }
 Witness the time, when (to his Comrades shames
 Who shrunk from burning Piles) he liv'd in Flames ;
 When *Salamander*-like, he made it known
 Fire was an Element that was his own ;
 And by his Aid, and his alone, were found
 Many a stately Dome not levell'd with the Ground ;
 But let this Landlord, (though he's justly prais'd,
 And by his Courage and good Drink emblaz'd,
 Is to some height of Reputation rais'd,) }
 Let him, I say, be whisper'd, that 'tis not
 Safe dealing with a THING red-hot ;
 Lest it be one Day flung into his Dish
 He shares in other things with S—e, than Fish.

Postscript. One of our Conners is just arriv'd Express from the Sun at Cripplegate. He is a Person of a Distinguished Palate, and assures us, that in all his Travels he never met with a Batch of Better Beer, better Wine, or better Company than that House affords. The Golden Hind and the Three Tuns in Redcross-Street are eminent Fuddling-Schools.

The Golden Emblem of Lust in Whitecross-street, is of little Note, save only that a certain Tally-man has his Debt got in by Mrs. S—h for a Treat and a Country Lodging. Hush !

Shoe-



Lane.

S*Hoe-lane*, howe'er disgrac'd by *Nooks* and *Alleys*,
 Wherein well-natur'd *Matrons* harbour *Salleys*;
 Howe'er held infamous from strolling *Madams*,
 Or render'd out of all Repute from *A—s*,
 Who, without blushing, cuts his Roast and Boil'd,
 With Hands by Bl—d of Intimates defil'd,
 Has yet one House, that in its Borders lies,
 Which, with the best, for Entertainment vies ;
 The Sign, another *Swan*, a graceful Bird,
 With Plumes as White as any Milken Curd.
 Here *Braziers*, *Founders*, *Cutlers*, praise the Tap ;
 But oh ! beware of *Brazier*, turned to *Snap* !
 The Man that's of such kind of Vermin shy,
 Must know that one of those lurks neighb'ring by :
 Not that he meets Encouragement from hence,
 Our Host's a Man of too refin'd a Sense ;
 Judges of Men, and Human Converse better,
 Than to grow great with *Serjeant* or with *Setter* ;
 As he fears none himself, from flowing Trade,
 So not to make his Customers afraid :
 Whene'er one comes, the Countenance he shews him,
 Makes it appear for a *Black-sheep* he knows him,
 By drawing, when the best of Drink he sells,
 Liquor for him, that of the *Tab-Tub* smells.

Note, Brown at the Sugar-loaf, in Chancery-lane (tho' full North) sells right Nottingham, Oxford, Derby and other Ales. At the Fifteen Shillings near this Place lives One, ambitious of Offices ; frequently visited by a Shrewsbury Butter'd Bun, whose Lamps had like to have been put out. Infidelity.

Little



Britain.

U Nder the Gate-Way near the *Ditch* call'd *Town*,
Frank Hale now calls us to the *Rose and Crown*,
 A Place for Two-Penny most highly noted,
 And for all sorts of the best Liquors quoted.
 Else virtuous *Sam*, that is of *Soaks* no Novice,
 Would never make this Bouzing-ken his Office,
 With Pipe stuck into Mouth from Morn to Night,
 Would not his Face with his Tobacco light;
 Nor would judicious *Tom Sh——ne*,
 Quit for this *House*, his own beloved *Sign*,
 And hither trudge, with Chapmen, from the *Vine*.
 Did this stand otherwise within this Dome,
 The Parish Dons would scarce within come :
 Tavern Expenses, in full Draughts to save,
 And talk o'er Tankards, most demurely grave ;
 When they do not at Cost of Publick swill,
 And set no Wine down in Church-Warden's Bill.
 In fine, were not *Frank Hale*, true blue and tight,
 Were not his Principles and Tipple right ;
 Did not this honest Host the Methods use,
 Which he with Reputation now pursues,
 'Tis certain that a neighb'ring Common-Council,
 Would at no time for *his*, step o'er his *own Cill*.

Our Man Dick has found out a little House that affords very great Beer ; but he swears by his Maker that he won't tell anybody where 'tis,—lest it should be swill'd up, before he has had a Meal of it.—We'll endeavour to Dog him.

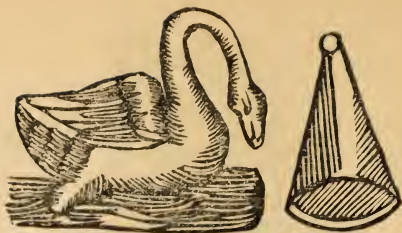
New-



Street.

THIS House has got one Tenant an Estate,
 Crowded with early Guests, and Tiplers late,
 And may, in all Appearance, do the same
 By *Isaac Day*, and his most careful Dame;
 Who rent it now, and with most courteous Mein,
 Give ev'ry Soul Content that enters in,
 Since not one Liquid therein sold, is bad,
 Or any thing displeasing to be had;
 Or to the Taste, or to the Curious Eye,
 Whatsoe'er Faults it may attempt to Spy,
 This *Pair* all Goodness, or all Blindness I. }
 Whether for Brandies neat, that bear full Proof,
 We call, beneath this hospitable Roof;
 Or seek the Cravings of our Thirst t'assuage,
 In Two-Penny, or in a Common Gage.
 Both in their different kinds are full as good,
 As Victualler ever sold, or Brewer brew'd,
 Well boil'd, and thoroughly stiffened with the Malt;
 Not liable to any sort of Fault;
 Unless, when got into the Noddles Seat,
 Its strength prevails, and makes us loose our Feet;
 Then, and not till that pardonable Time,
 Can any thing sold here, admit a Crime.

Other Houses of Note. Globe opposite St. Andrew's Church,
 good Entertainment. Globe, Bartlett's Buildings, rare Liquors,
 and a kind Landlord, who has a true Friendship to Players: I
 wish that Players were as true to him.—Anchor in Castle Yard,
 good Drink, and the House throng'd with experienc'd Topers.



THE Muse would inexcusably do Wrong,
 Should *Newman's* Tipple House remain unsung ;
 Where there is not a Pot or Tankard brought,
 That argues not a quick and sprightly Draught,
 And shuts out every Cause of finding Fault. }
 Here in the Evening, after Six, are seen,
 Loit'ners, 'till then, from Five, in *Lincoln's-Inn* ;
 Gentry, that walking upon Stone Parade,
 Consult to get this House a swimming Trade ;
 And when got Sappy in conjuncture nice,
 To swallow each a gallon for a Sice.
 Since it has been, from just Observance found,
 A three Pint Tankard goes but half way round,
 And every Health with two of them is crown'd. }
 Though, number Six perhaps includes the Club,
 So rav'nous are some Throats on Thirst for Bub ;
 But above every Barly-swilling Guest,
B—— ne'er let's the shining Vessel rest,
 But Mouthful after Mouthful, downward pours,
 'Till what it holds, he to the Bottom lowers,
 Then passes it exhausted, to the Left,
 Of Breath, though not returning Thirst, bereft.
 Unmatch'd by any *He* that wears a Name,
 But *T*—— of *B*——, of deep-guzzling Fame,
Tom ! the mad *P*—— that ne'er was known to flinch,
 Or bate the most consummate Sot, one Inch.

Other Houses of Note. Queen's Head, Middle Row, Rare Cherry Beer and a Beveridge Club : Dolphin, Lamb's Conduit Passage, good Liquors, and a good-natur'd Landlord that will be bound for any Body. White Horse, Green-street, Æt. suæ. 30.

Lit. Turn-




Stile.

Hence we through *Magpye Alley* cross the Way,
 'Thout calling at *George Biddle's* to smell Hay;
 Though 'twere no Sin to slacken in our Haste,
 The Choice of Wines within his Vaults to taste,
 That, spight of *Rose*, late taken o'er his Head,
 Are good as any sold, both *White* and *Red*;
 But we to *Taps*, not *Spickets*, are confin'd,
 And pass by *George* with most unwilling Mind,
 To beat the Hoof o'er *Lincoln's-Inn* and Fields
 And see what *Newman's Brother's* cellar yields.
 A Man that well deserves the Trade he has rais'd,
 For *Probity* and *Courage* duly prais'd;
 For *Perseverance* in an upright Cause,
 That has in *M*—— his Downfall gain'd Applause:
M—— from a SNOB, the *Last's* and *Awl's* Reproach,
 That now has trick'd himself into a *Coach*;
 And, from a Wretch that scarce deserv'd a Bunter,
 Struts and looks big, by turning *Fortune-Hunter*.
 Much good betide this Lady with her Spouse,
 That has exchang'd her Wealth with broken Vows,
 With nothing but gross Humours to be fed,
 With Ignorance, and Impotence in Bed:
 While he that has this Lump of Scandal pos'd,
 And with Success his Arrogance oppos'd;
 May live to gain, I speak it from my Soul,
 By *fair* Means, what that SNOB has gain'd by *foul*.

Fetter-



lane.

THough there are some who, with invidious Look,
 Have styl'd this Bird more like a *Russian Duck*,
 Than what he stands depicted for on Sign,
 He proves he well has croak'd for Prey within;
 From Massy Tankards form'd of Silver Plate,
 That walk throughout this noted House in State,
 Ever since *Eaglesfield*, in *Anna's* Reign,
 To Compliment each fortunate Campaign,
 Made one be hammer'd out for ev'ry Town was ta'en }
 Not that Ale-drapings now that Landlords care,
 He's private now, and waits on City Mayor;
 Estatic with a Place, and Wealth in store,
 Ready at hand, for purchasing of more.
 But to do Justice to its present Host,
 (Whom by the Way, I caution not to boast
 Of Number NINE again, to Comp'ny, lest 
 His Wife detect him for a *lying* Beast,)
 The same's the *Drink*, as that wherewith were bought
 Those Utensils of Plate, enchas'd and wrought.
 Let his Neighbour *Bungy* too be told,
 Who thinks he cannot for his Worth be sold,
 Take heed, how loud soe'er that Wretch may bellow
 And roar out, *Cleaver* is a *cleaver Fellow*;
 That he no more, with Trowel in his Hand,
 For Penny-Fee, from *Lawyers*, *Tunes* command,
 Lest, as one Horse whipp'd soundly in the *Temple*,
 He next be found Horse-ponded for Example.

Fetter-



Lane.

WHAT Mortal dares to *Fenwick L—bert* say,
Fenwick! the most facetious and the gay!
 His Liquors are not good as ever fill'd a Dray?
 'Tis next to Treason to arraign his Wine,
 And not to speak his Amber clear and fine,
 Ev'n while (he can't prevent it for his Life)
 His Guests will take that Freedom with his W—fe
 Since she from Kitchen Language often hears
 Coarse Appellations flung about her ears;
 Though, by the by, she's not so passive grown,
 As not to give for their ill Words her own.
 Here *G—t* makes his wise Remarks on News,
 And comments on the haughty *Russian's* Views.
 Now this way turn his enquiring Ear,
 Now that way, Things of consequence to hear;
 But all in vain, he nodding takes them wrong,
 And answers what to Question don't belong.
 Here Monumental *T—m*, with Looks aghast,
 Damns this unlucky Throw, that Dice's Cast,
 That makes him upon Tick to break his Fast.
 While *in* Term-time Lane Chancery-Scribblers stump,
 They drink at *King's Head* just against the *Pump*,
 To which the Landlord of the House 'tis said,
 That *out*, when they get neither Malt or Bread,
 They drink at *Pump* against that Royal *Head*.

Strand-



lane.

NOW to the Sign of *Fish* let's jog,
 There to find out a *Hampshire Hog*,
 A Man whom none can lay a Fault on,
 The Pink of Courtesie at *Alton*,
 A Place whereof he was the Rampart,
 Under well-natur'd Captain *La—port*.
 That often has pour'd down his Chops
 Wine, and Drink made of *Malt* and *Hops*.
 Heaven's speed, say I, this honest Host,
 Grant that his Labours mayn't be lost
 But gain him Food both Boil'd and Roast ;
 That he the *Boat* of Life may *Trim*,
 And in the Sea of Bus'ness Swim ;
 So as to bring about his Wishes,
 While his Guests drink like any Fishes ;
 Like to the Salmon on his Sign,
 Which tells without, what's Sold within :
 May he, so prays the Man whose Metre,
 Is wish'd for his sake to be better,
 Get ten times more by social guzzling,
 Than e'er he did by Ru—ing Muslin ;
 Or Brandies, that no Customs paid,
 To carry on the Smuggling Trade,
 And Dues on Contrabands evade :
 Since he can never act a Sham,
 That to Swines Tail prefers a HAM,
 For that's our jovial Landlord's Name.

Dutchy-



lane.

Hence turning on the left down *Dutchy-lane*,
 In quest of Ale or Beer that's *Fine* and *Plain* ;
 Of Wines to please at once the Taste and Sight
 And whet to further Draughts your Appetite ;
 Call at the *Anchor* and the *Horse's Shoe*,
 Where all Things that invite are plac'd in View,
 A neat clean House and cleanly Landlord too ;
 Worthy of Guests, such is his Port and Dress,
 That owe their high Descent to noble Race ;
 Since though his Rooms with lower Life are stor'd,
 He has wherewith to entertain a Lord
 Here the best *Gin* produc'd from *Holland's* Soil,
 Regales the Palate full as smooth as Oyl,
 Ev'n while it makes the Breast with warmth to glow,
 And the Blood briskly through its Vessels flow,
 When Pipes of *Sheffield's* and of *Fustian's* Weed,
 Those heart-reviving Draughts of course succeed.
 Not that this *Wake—n*, so the Landlord's named,
 Is equally for Skill in *Horse-flesh* fam'd ;
 Since, but of late, his Ignorance was found,
 In off'ring *Seven* for *Steed* worth *Seventy* Pound ;
 But this, and's Journey to the **Isle of Dogs*,
 May only be giv'n out by teasing Rogues ;
 Nor is't so heinous, as some say, to Trip,
 Into the *Thames*, when one is drunk with *Flip*.

* To which Place our Host went to see his Horse, and to his great Mortification found him dead in a Ditch, with both his Eyes pick'd out.

Durham-



Yard.

FAME likewise, tho' it infamously speaks
 Of the lewd Master of the House's Tricks,
 Tells of good Liquor sold at Tommy P—ks.
 Member, as he'll himself with Pride assure ye,
 For the Old *Hundreds* of the Lane called *Drury*.
 Ranger in Chief of all the Buxom Does,
 The Confines of that spacious Park inclose ;
 Wherein there's not one *Harlot* or a *Strum*,
 Unknown to him by Name, or Place of Home :
 Since 'tis his Business, now his amorous Fires,
 Have lost their Strength, and his own Heat expires,
 To hunt the *Bitches* down with *Country Squires* :
 For that's the Name by which those Gentry go
 Without Distinction, whether High or Low,
 As he turns Pander for his Rustick Chaps,
 And furnishes them for Gold, with swinging Claps,
 With all the Train of *Venus's* Mishaps ;
 While the deluded Youth come far and near,
 To drink his Belch, and his Deb—ches hear,
 And *suck* their Ruin in at Mouth and ear.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Those Gentlemen that can furnish the Author with any Hints
 that may contribute towards the further Advancement of this
 Work, are desir'd to direct them to FERDINANDO TAPLASH at the
 Sign of Old Seignior John, in Turnbull-street, and they shall be
 carefully inserted in our next.

Blooms-



bury.

NOW if with Home-brew'd Liquors you'd be drunk,
 And have your *Eyes put out* with *Clouds of*
[*Funck* ;

If among noisie Brawls and Feuds you'd be,
 And *Dovers-Court* in full Perfection see,
 To *J—ck—n's Lime-Kiln* instantly repair,
 You'll find out what you're come in search of there ;
 While Tankards that Half Pints of Derby hold,
 Travel amain to flush the sots that scold,
 And give fresh Vigour to their restless Tongues,
 Unwearied with its Words and sland'rous Wrongs.
 Here Fools and Blockheads sip away their Wealth,
 And pay down Money for their Loss of Health,
 And in such Tiny Vehicles as those,
 They drown their Peace of Mind and sweet Repose,
 And 'stead of moist'ning what they call their *Clay*,
 Parch it quite into Dust, and dry it to Decay.
 Since whatsoe'er Pretences some may make,
 This Drink's the Liquor of the *Stygian* Lake ;
 Has murther'd more, though it be clearly fine,
 Than the two Guns that lay across the Sign.

Other Houses of Note. King's-head in M—mouth-Street, Potent Beer and Money lent (at 50 per Cent.) to Old Garment Cryers. Crown in Little-Drury, fine Derby. Rose and Crown in Long-acre. This Drink is so powerful, that if the Landlord thrashes his Customers out of Doors, they cannot leave his House. Enquire of fat Jack Str—on, a Painter, and know further. Sun and Apple-tree in White-hart-yard, a swarm of Taylors!

Covent-



Garden.

FRonting that House wherein fam'd *Gibb—s* dwells,
Gibb—s ! that in the Healing Art excels !
 A Serpent raises his erected Crest,
 And seems as if he at Beholders hiss'd.
 This Beast, or Reptile, call him what you please,
 It matters not what Appellation's his,
 Hangs out above, that Passengers may know
 He's there Observant of what's done below ;
 To see that every Man for Pint or Pot,
 Pay down the *Ready* soon as it is brought ;
 For here no formal compliment is us'd,
 Out with your Copper, or your Drink's refus'd ;
 For Coin in Hand, the Drink from Hand is given,
 The *Buyer* and the *Seller* both are even,
 This Practice *Barret* to's Advantage found,
 And by it left his Son Five thousand Pound,
 Who likewise knew it of important Use,
 To regulate the Dissolute and the Loose, }
 In Bar to such, as try'd to bilk the House. }
 Nor would that Custom if reviv'd agen,
 Fail of the like Success 'twas crown'd with then ;
 Since where's the same quick Draught of humming
 [Beer,
 There can't be the minutest Cause to fear
 Decrease of Trade, and Proof has made it plain,
 Good Liquors always must bring in good Gain.

Hell at Westminster, a famous Eating House.



Hence we to HELL in Westminster advance,
 Where LAWYERS, not the DEVIL, lead the dance;
 Where Litigant, outrageous for their Fees,
 Unmercifully Clients Pockets squeeze :
 And for their Own, not their Advantage bawl,
 With Throats extended, round the spacious Hall :
 This Hospitable Roof, for such the Guest,
 Will find it, when with Hunger he's oppress'd,
 Or Thirst unsated, tho' miscalled in Name,
 Knows not a House of a Superior Fame.
 But if to please nice Appetites we're given,
 Claims the Precedence of its Neighb'ring Heav'n ;
 Far, very far, those mock Delights surpassing
 In Meats, in Drinks, and in true Skill of Dressing ;
 In all Conveniences for Sight and Fast,
 And easie Reckonings brought in at last :
 Since, if we to WILL THOMAS give his due,
 He's the best Cook, and best of Victuallers too,
 Here CHEQUER BARONS on LOW MONDAY fed,
 Dine Yearly in Judge ÆACUS his Stead,
 Treated by SHERIFF with Fowls and many a choice CALVES Head. }
 Here, to do Justice to this grateful Cell,
 We see fulfill'd what Sacred Writings tell, }
 In many a RICH-MAN Customer to HELL.
 While HEAV'N does not Emphatically prove,
 None but the POOR within its Regions move.

Chancery-



lane.

HERE I should stop, since Ancient Poets tell,
 There's no Return when once we're got to Hell :
 But as when Traveller with Journey tyr'd,
 Sees his own Mansion-House, long since desir'd,
 Joy wantons in his Face, and he's with Ardor fir'd,
 To take a sweet Repast within the Dome,
 Which most delights, because it's called his HOME,
 So I at distant Sight of CROWN and ROLLS,
 That all my Body's Faculties Ensouls,
 Enlivens every Artery and Vein,
 And tunes me up to a much nobler Strain,
 Take my Farewell of Water mix'd with Grains,
 To drink these Heavenly Dews that HUMPHREYS's house contains.
 Wine! Generous Wine! that every Want supplies,
 Gives Peace to restless Minds, and Light to darkned Eyes.
 Here, here, when anxious Cares oppress my Breast,
 And Storms, from Fortune's Frowns, deny me Rest,
 When there's no Prospect of Recovery seen,
 And all things scowl Without, look dark within ;
 I with full Glass to Sorrows put an End,
 And drown them in a Bottle and a Friend.
 O may this kind, well-natur'd Vintner wear,
 The just Rewards of all his Toil and Care,
 And never have a single Room to spare.
 May he go on, fresh Customers to gain,
 And still his Old in wonted Crowds retain ;
 Since not one Tavern in the Town can boast,
 A fuller Concourse, or more pleasing Host ;
 Whose Countenance upon his Guests does shine
 And recommend its Owner with his Wine.

FINIS.

A
G U I D E
FOR
Malt-Houses :

The Second Part.

BEING
A DESCRIPTION of the Manners and Customs of
the most Eminent *Publick Houses*, in and about the
Cities of *London* and *Westminster*,
WITH
A HINT on the PROPS (or Principal Customers)
of each HOUSE.

In a METHOD so plain that any Thirsty PERSON
(of the meanest Capacity) may easily find the nearest Way
from one HOUSE to another.

Done by several HANDS.

Illustrated with proper Cuts.

Sold by T. Bickerton in Pater-noster-Row.

Advertisement.

George Clements is desired to take Notice, That we received his Letter, and detach'd two of our Malt-inquiring Topers to the Royal Head at the *Three Cranes* ; but as our Messengers met with saucy Language from the Hostess, we pass by that House, as not worthy a Page in our Book.

We beg pardon of *Tom Man* (of *Leadenh—Street*) for not taking Notice of his great *Wooden Pot-Book* ; and for omitting to insert *Capt. B—d*, as one of his principal Props.

Other Houses of Note, near the White-Lyon, mentioned on the other side, viz. :—

The *Adam and Eve* (honest *Drake's*) a pleasant House, the Liquors right Good : In His Garden you may see Tame Pheasants and Partridges, and sometimes *Tame PULLETS*.

Whit— at the *White-Hart* is a great dealer in Horses : He sells fine Amber Beer, but is a mortal Enemy to a *little Vessel* ; for if you call for a Pint, he brings up a Quart, and tells you *He can't drink out of a lesser Gage!* and this he does with such a pleasing Air that I think no Man can be angry at.

Now come we to the *Bunch of Grapes*, honest *Potter* from *Newport-Pagnel*—a courteous Host and Hostess ; and Mrs. *Mary* good-condition'd and obliging : —rare Two-penny, and Mild Beer ; and if I must speak the Truth, I think his BOB at 3 half-pence a Noggin, exceeds *Martin's* at 2d. At this House you may depend on good Usage.

The Bull in *Old-Street*, affords mighty Bub, and so does the opposite *Cock* ; but he that is for a Dish of Fun, with good drink, let him repair to old *Flying-hog's* at the *Ball* in *Cherry-tree Alley*.

Brick-



lane.

NOW for a Landlord, who let us know,
 That he has more than two Strings to his Bow,
 Of Three Signs, all at once, hangs out a furious shew,
 Furious indeed, as they're in Paint express'd
 But since defunct, the meereſt Coward's jeſt,
 For if the Proverb's Credit we rely on,
 A living Dog ſurpaſſes a dead Lyon.
 But Adages aſide as Things improper,
 This is BOB T—LY's Mansion, BUCK—Y's Cooper,
 A Man, who fearless of Domestiſtick Strife,
 Carries on Love-Intrigues before his Wife ;
 Dares in Deſpight of her two Rows of Teeth,
 Bring her huge Rams-horns Home from Miſtreſs SM—TH ;
 Which ſhe, good Woman, courteouſly receives,
 And cauſes to be tipp'd with Golden leaves ;
 While in requital to his Gift, betwixt
 The two Brow-Antlers, is a cup affix'd,
 To be Drunk off by ev'ry Cuckold Guest,
 And our good Hoſt himſelf, among the reſt.
 The Props that are this Houſe's chief Support,
 Is HOL—s, who juſtly now ſits a la Mort ;
 And though he has been frolickſome of late,
 With Whims of* Apparitions in his Pate,
 Now mourns his Son's, and not his Garden's Fate.
 Dame P—XTON, and her Daughter too are ſeen,
 Thirſty Promoters of our Landlord's Gin,
 Of which a Gallon at a time is laid,
 For Draughts at night, beneath the latter's Bed.
 Old rotten Cheeſe here likewiſe Nightly ſits,
 And with his Spouſe, gets drunk for what ſhe Knits.

* This Apparition, which was ſaid to do much Miſchief in the Garden among the young plants, appear'd at laſt to be only —'s great Dog.

Chiswell-



Street.

ENgland's bless'd Martyr's Head next claims our
[Call,

A House that *rises* by that Monarch's *Fall*,
Kept by a Man, who though his Name is *Mead*,
A Name distinguish'd by a factious Breed,
Detests the *bloody Crew* that caus'd that *impious Deed*. }
Faithful to *Felt—m's* and to *Dold—'s* Cause,
H'Accounts as justly, as he justly Draws.
In both Capacities of Clerk, and Host,
True to the Duties of his double Post ;
Since none can better keep his Martyr's Book,
None better after his own Business look,
As, though a Tap-House, every Place is clean,
Good Usage and good Liquors found within.
Here *Br—wn* the Cooper to the Brew-house near,
By Drinking, shews this Ken excels for Beer :
Here *Johny Sm—d*, whose Taste has oft been try'd,
Quart after Quart, with all the Tribe beside,
That wait upon the *Boiler*, or the *Dray*,
Spend all the vacant Hours of Night and Day ;
So, there's no doubt, but where the Brewers come, }
Good Drink must freight that hospitable Dome,
For Grocer eats himself no rotten Plumb.

Other Houses of Note. The two Brewers, honest Cuz Coo, Landlord, the Coopers Arms, the Black Horse, all in Chiswell Street, and all eminent for brave Beer. But O rare Ben Johnson in Whitecross-Street ! Bell ditto, good Wine and good Beer.

Chiswell-



Street.

Built in the last of ENGLAND'S HENRY'S Days,
 Here Trade increases in this Pyle's Decays.
 The Fabrick seems just sinking to our Eyes,
 Yet we behold its Owner's Gains to rise.
 NUN SOLLARD boast, no House with Regal Sign,
 Can shew a greater Stock of Guests than thine.
 JOHN WINCHURCH (or if Reason good you see
 To call JOHN WINCHURCH, JACK OF NEWBERRY)
 Since on a time in the foremention'd Reign,
 Annals speak not Story false and vain,
 Possess'd Two hundred looms in one Abode,
 And had Five Hundred Servants at his Nod;
 Clothier famous, and of high Renown,
 None Wealthier than himself in City, Court, or Town.
 Nor does thy House, if thou'll't Account fall short
 Of Guests in full as num'rous a Resort;
 Fortell but Noses, that come there, they'l speak,
 Thee to have twice two hundred in a Week;
 Who, for the sake of Liquors therein sold,
 Frequent it, Blind and Lame, and Young and Old.
 Thither old H—L, the Metal Whitner hies,
 When Thirst, and that is oft, his Thorax dries;
 Full of Discourse, that tells us, o'er and o'er,
 Years he has us'd it more than Forty Four.
 Thither Miss BETTY, or WILL. DELAFORCE
 An Ideot, more like to a Thief than Horse,
 For GRATIS Guzzle, many a time repairs,
 And is made Game of while he Sports and Sneers;
 Yet, 'though at's Folly PHILLIPS shake his sides,
 He rides SIR TIM, that in the Coach-box rides.

Little Moor-Fields.



THE Proverb says, and who'd a Proverb cross,
That Stones, when rolling, gather little Moss ;
'Tis well, if this same saying hit not Home,

BEN—T, the Vagrant Landlord of this Dome,
Who, in the space of one revolving Year,
Has in four different Tenements sold Beer.
First giv'n to Change, and Volatile in Will,
He left the **GEORGE**, for **SWAN** at **DOWGATE-HILL** ;
Thence as the **MAGGOT** bit his Nob again,
He went to **WOOLPACK**'s Sign in **FOSTER-LANE**,
Where he a while drew Drink, and thriv'd a-pace,
Yet, for all that, now settles in this Place ;
Nay, what would make a Satyrist so grin,
Gives **BURCH** one Hundred Pounds to fix therein.

The two chief Props that loiter here for Bub,
Are Prick-louse **B—L—N**, and fam'd Captain **SCRUB**.
The first avers h'had Threescore Shirts forsooth,
And twice two Dozen Pair of Shoes, in Truth ;
Add we to this, his Courage next I pray,
When on **NOVEMBER**'s Thirty second Day,
He fought with several Highwaymen at **MIMS**,
And had his hat shot through its very Brims.
The last's so called from being Harlot's Cully,
Who tipp'd him Nag and Fiddle for his Folly.
Neither's by **BEN—T**, as no Chap can gain-say,
Held in Esteem like his Dogs **CISS** and **FANCIE**.
BEN—T, who fearing they should break their Rest,
Gives Lodger that's benighted from his Nest,
And craves Admittance, this Ungracious Answer
That he may go his Way, and e'en Back-up with* Grandsire.

* A Watchman so called.

Other Houses of Note. The King's Arms, the Green-house and the Golden Hind, all fam'd for good Liquors, rare Damson, Gooseberry, Raspberry, and Currant Wine, sold only at the Horse and Groom opposite to Moorfields.



NEXT to Moor's Gate, across the Field so nam'd,
 You'll find a House for courteous Usage fam'd,
 The very Sight of 't, at your Entrance in,
 Speaks the good Hostess to be neat and clean ;
 Who, not for Want, but for Employment Trades,
 And makes good Servants of three handsome Maids,
 That in their proper sphere observant move,
 Two in the lower room, and one above.
 Ar't ready, pretty Maid ? says City Beau,
 Yes Sir, cries MOLL, that never answers, No,
 And straight supplies the Fop with Dish or Glass,
 That looks most wishfully upon her Face,
 And views her swelling Bubbies, as they rise
 Conscious of no Design, with guilty eyes ;
 Or, if she to the Coffee-Mill repair,
 And juts about her Tayl with nimble Air ;
 What Thoughts unchast those Motions in him form,
 Ev'n while the Girl is innocent of Harm !
 Ner is the Lass that keeps the Bar, though free,
 Less decently behav'd and chaste, than she,
 But at your Service, whensoever you call,
 For Liquor in the List against the Wall,
 That hangs drawn at full length in spacious Words,
 To tell the different Sorts this House affords,
 Which every Customer must hold confess'd,
 Are, in their kind, the nicest and the best :
 Ev'n such as Proud New River's Chapman please,
 Who struts o'er others of more high Degrees,
 That more agreeably this Mansion use,
 Of universal Note, for universal News.

Moor-Fields.



IN Moor's most pleasant Field, where Northern Lads
 With Western Youths, contend for broken Heads,
 And where our Wealthy Citizens repair
 To lengthen out their Lives with wholesome Air :
 Joining to TROTTER's famous Castle, stands
 A noted Mansion built by artful Hands ;
 Where Young or Old, at small Expense, may find
 Delightful Pastimes to refresh the Mind.
 Hither the sprightly Genius has recourse,
 To practise riding on the Flying-Horse ;
 Where, Danger-free, he thro' the Air may scow'r,
 And, void of Wings, fly fifty Miles an Hour ;
 Nor that has this Courser, tho' he runs so fast,
 One living Leg to expedite his hast,
 Yet carries double, treble, if requir'd,
 But never stumbles, or is ever tir'd.
 As for the pregnant Wife, or tim'rous Maid,
 Who fear, perhaps, to mount so swift a Pad,
 Here's a true SOUTH SEA Coach, that sporting flies
 Between the humbler Earth and lofty skyes,
 Manag'd to rise and fall with little Pains,
 Like that uncertain Stock that turns our Brains.
 Liquors, the best, are also vended here
 From Heav'nly Punch to HALSEY's Noble Beer,
 By gen'rous WHITEHEAD, who deserves the Bays
 From all the Sons of Malt that Merit praise ;
 Therefore, if any should these Truths distrust,
 The Flying-Horse will prove the Poet just,
 Thither repair and you will surely find,
 Your Entertainment good, and Landlord kind.

Old Bedlam.

FROM this well natur'd Man, well pleas'd we pass
 To a most ill-behav'd affected Ass ;
 A Man whose Mind of quite another Cast,
 Disdains Advice, and Soars above his Last :
 As he, with starch'd Demeanour makes a Pause,
 And struts behind the Liquor which he draws,
 Giving no Answer to a Question made,
 Though its of Service to promote his Trade.
 Morose and Insolent, perhaps because
 His Namesake understood BEAR-GARDEN Laws,
 And has obtain'd a reputable Word
 For many a lucky Bout at Staff and Sword.
 Be that his Pride—it grieves me to my Soul,
 To sink so low as HOCKLEY in the HOLE ;
 Yet since my Pen has to this Thought giv'n Vent,
 Let him e'en take the Saying as its meant,
 To bring him to a knowledge of his Post,
 And make him learn the Duty of an Host ;
 Henceforward, when a Customer comes in,
 T'accost him, freely, not to cock his Chin.
 For howsoe'er Glass-makers, neighb'ring by,
 May from the Nature of their Work be dry,
 Howsoe'er Thirst may rage within their Throats,
 And make them send for Two-Peny by Groats ;
 What Crouds soe'er may fill each antique Room,
 Long us'd to Spittle and Tobacco's Fume :
 In fine, how much soe'er his Liquor's Fame,
 Contributes to advance his House's name :
 None but a Sot, who's nought but good Drink heeding,
 But will avoid it for the Master's Breeding.

Advertisement. Mr. Pricksmall at the Horns in Moorelane sells good drink ; at his house Mother Shipton's Prophecy is always before your eyes ; for the Females Flock here to banter my Landlord on his Name. This is the Bucks-horns, but my Lord Miller's is the Bull's-horns ; the Eagle and Child and the White-horse, are also in this Lane, Fly your Kite !

Cripple-



gate.

SO much for Stiffness and a Lord-like Air,
 Let Gayety be next the Muse's Care,
 A jovial, sensible and courteous Man,
 Here represents himself in honest DAN.
 From CHIDLEY's Race see this Descendant sprung,
 A name that has in Record flourish'd long ;
 Famous for many a Match with running Horse,
 And distancing its Rivals in the Course :
 Though now, in him we see no other Stir,
 Than who draws Wine, or Beer ? a coming Sir.
 As in his stead, his Sign with radiant Face,
 Shows us the Sun that daily runs its race,
 To bring this Landlord in Increase of Gain,
 Which flows upon him from the Grape and Grain.
 Much good may those Emoluments produce
 He's sure to put them to a gen'rous use ;
 To make it by his customers be seen,
 His House is like his Liquors, neat and clean.
 Whether for HORWOOD's Drink he takes our Coyn, }
 Or else accepts it for fam'd AUSTIN's Wine, }
 Unmixed, and of itself most exquisitely fine.
 The first he draws, in Common with the Beer,
 That's sold at the BLACK DOG in SHOREDITCH Fair.
 For so 'tis justly styled from the Resort,
 Of shoals of Malt-Worms, there to Drink and Sport.
 Attentive to Decline of Night from Noon,
 To hear the Clock play the Haymaker's Tune.
 The last, I mean his Wine, that needs no Brewer,
 Is of good Vent, and of good Words secure.

* Other Houses of Note. The Bull in Hart-street, mighty
 Bub : Magpye at Cripplegate, very good Beer. Plough in Fore-
 street, a Tenement to Lett.

Wood-



Street.

Here Justice *Ball*, or, while our Hand is in
 At Nick-names, lives demure Sir *Thomas Thin* ;
 A Man, than whom no house has juster got,
 For drawing us full Measure in his Pot ;
 And giving Notice, if his Drink's not good,
 That such a Sort is not so Right as 't shou'd.

Fain would this Landlord, *tho' meer Skin and Bone*,
 And almost dwindled to a *Skeleton*,
 Be counted Fat, and for that Purpose cries,
 He should be choak'd, but for Tap-Exercise,
 In drawing *York's Pale-Ale*, or *Bull's Milk Beer*,
 And right *Barbadoes Rum*, that's neat and clear.

O'er these, and other Liquors clean and nice,
 Each Monday, Tradesmen Club it for a Sice ;
 Who once a year, of different Sorts of Callings,
 Do what some Married People call *Bear-hawling* ;
 That is, take out their Wives into the Fields,
And see what chear some neighb'ring Village yields ;
 Tho' not till they sometime before have stoop'd,
 To clear the Way for Coats too widely hoop'd.
 Of these the Chief is Doctor *Py—ne*, who still
 Crys out *Mild, Betty, mind, your Tunkard fill!*
 The Lawyer calls, *Where now stands Parson Lug?*
For want of Drink you will my Spirits clog.

There's thy *Senacherib* too, a season'd Quaker,
 Of Female Jobbs a doughty Undertaker ;
 Who, by Report, has made his Comrades Mirth,
 By putting of his * *Worm* within their *Earth*.

* i.e. Hic jubeo !

Silver-



Street.

THE Man that keeps this House is for his Part
 An Honest Fellow and a Generous Heart;
 BUSO, who's tall and goodly to the Sight,
 A Son of ANAK for his tow'ring height,
 Though in his Temper a true ISRAELITE.
 Ne'er e'en at Home, will this Man grudge to spend
 His Three Pence with a Customer, or Friend,
 And entertain him with diverting Chat
 Over a Liquor that's call'd This and That.
 Of which old DRURY several times a Day,
 Makes half Pints o'er and o'er to come in Play,
 One at a time as often as he calls,
 And takes a Pipe and Smokes, and Drinks and Spawls :
 Thence at the Tavern 'tis his Custom still,
 Over another Pipe to drink a Gill.
 KETTLE too cannot, though he's Lame and Weak,
 But hither limp with, in each Hand, a Stick,
 The Drink here set on broach, and here alone,
 Being attractive like the Loadstone grown,
 That Iron, Motionless, can to it Force,
 And towards its Embraces bend its Course.
 JOHN CALVIN's Jehu, for Sedition ripe,
 Cants likewise of Religion o'er his Pipe ;
 While captious DOBLE, Turnkey to the Pews,
 The Saints in MUGWEL-STREET, at Meeting use,
 Calls for half Pint of Two-penny amain,
 And then slips out to come and call again.
 But P— the Painter (with his Brother STR—TON
 That is of humming Bouze a very Glutton,
 Whene'er the Tyre-smith TOM commands full Cup,
 (And pulls most lustily) cries, Sup her up.

Bishopsgate-



Street.

NExt *Avery Hobbs* his Mansion bids us stop,
 And in it drink a very hearty Cup ;
 Six *Go-downs*, upon *Rep*, of *Threps*, or take
 Bumpers of finer Liquors *Supernac* ;
 Both, in their kind, as good as can be found
 In any Publick House on English Ground :
 The very Sign invites us at the Door,
 But, oh ! the Landlord, and his Treatment more !
 This Man of Men, believe me not to joke,
 Lives, tho' his Neck has, by a Fall, been broke ;
 A Fall, that kill'd the Mare upon the Spot,
 On Back of which he was advent'rous got :
 As *Escupalus*, in Baker's Shape,
 Set him to Rights, and caus'd him to Escape.
 So, if *great* Things to *little* we compare,
 And Marlborough's Horse be nam'd with Hobbs's
 The Princely Chief that does this House adorn, [*Mare*,
 With Looks that speak him for good Actions born,
 Once in *Ramellia's* Field, to Conquest flew,
 Spar'd by the Bullet that his Courser slew.
 But not to blend Affairs of War with Trade,
 On which alone, our present Scheme is laid,
 Tho' he sells *Ale*, this Host's a *Vintner* bred ;
 And howsoe'er nor *White*, nor *Red* he vends,
 Is, by a Sort of *Wine-Trade*, make Amends ;
 Since Gentry that frequent his House, lay down,
 A Sice for every Bottle of their own.

Bridewel-ally, Southwark.



HERE ENGLAND's Red Tribunal having brought
 Men of Black Dealing, and much Blacker Thought,
 Live by an Office, Adjective a House,
 Whereof the Managers ben't worth a Souze ;
 Because, if every Person had his own,
 This HOUSE OF OFFICE had been never known.
 I speak not this, to run upon the Mint,
 Or shew a Heart obdurate as a Flint ;
 But since such Offices are suffer'd there,
 Why does not the Knight-Marshal enter's Prayer ?
 Especially since D——BY there resides,
 That takes off Scollops from his Prisoners Sides.
 Alas for W——RD, only now in Sight,
 Before your Face he carries on the Bite,
 Like Fellow that in Street or Corner crys,
 My Balls will take out Spots before your Eyes ;
 When all he boasts does only make appear,
 The Money's spent, the Spender ne'er the near :
 Since ev'ry sign of Dirt and Grease remains,
 And he that takes the Coat to clean it, Stains.
 Little JACK H—T, I know him for a Trap,
 Runs swiftly, and is skilful at a RAP ;
 Oft does this Man of Laws, illegal, Talk,
 Seen oft on TEMPLE's Affidavit-Walk,
 While three or four soliciting Assistants,
 Speak ANGEL COURT from Angels far at Distance.

Other Houses of Note. Golden Lyon, near the Church, Dick
 M—ns, a broken Cheesemonger, then a Bum, set up an Inn at
 Salisbury, broke, came to Town, put his Bald Nag into Nosegay
 Sarah's Stable, and so became Master of this Ken.

The King's-head, kept by one-ey'd R—— and his very good-
 natur'd hopping Wife, a house of the same stamp.

Rose and Crown, in Rose and Crown-court, an honest soul.

Horseshoe by the Bench—Jonney, my dear Honey, is the
 Reckoning paid?—Rising Sun, if the Drink was as good as they
 are lofty ; 'twould be the best Bub in the whole Borough.

Near St. George's Church.



Here, *boon companion*, give me leave to warn you,
Look sharp's the Word, Fœnum habet in Cornu!
 The fawning Miscreant that owns this Home,
 Preys upon all the Guests that hither come.
 Cajoles them to their Ruin, Inch by Inch,
 Sent thence to starve in Prison, call'd *King's-Bench*,
 When they at the Expence of *Habeas Corpus*,
 Turn themselves over for another Purpose.

To ask what *Tribe* frequent this House, 'tis vain,
 Here Turnkeys, Tipstaves, Waiters, jointly drain,
 Poor Debtors out of every Jack of Cole,
 Without Compunction, or Remorse of Soul.

The Pris'ner, first transmitted by the Judge,
 Is carried into the *King's-Bench's* Lodge ;
 Where, left by *Tip*, who bids his Charge God-by,
J—s comes, and casting round a learing Eye,
 Accosts the Leeches planted near him, thus,
Masters, your Humble! Is he One of us?
 Answer'd in the Affirmative, (to pass
 A Compliment) then to him drinks a Glass ;
 Conducts him from the Turnkey, to his House,
 And crys, *Moll, use him kindly*, to his Spouse ;
This Gentleman's my Friend! This done, he says,
Master! each Guest his Entrance-Bottle pays.
Hoh! Moll, strait fetch a Bottle of choice Red.
 Then leaves him by himself, to scratch his Head ;
 Till Dinner calls, when fresh Demands ensue,
 And antient Customs are brought in a-new ;
 Such as for *Garnish, Sir, a Bottle more,*
A Quartern for your going to the Door,
 Another, till he's sent, as has been said before.

Bird-Cage-Ally, Southwark.



THE Coxcomb of a bluff conceited Host,
 That swaggers here, and thinks to rule the Roast,
 Is *Bost—ck*, who still jangling with his Wife,
 Leads her, as she deserves, a weary Life;
 Since to make no more Words of this same Matter,
 None but himself can match her for ill Nature.
 Upon his Sign, to shew its Owner's Wit,
Gill Ale is with an Air of Quackery writ,
Truly prepar'd, and recommended by
 Fam'd *Doctor Bostock*, which in short's a Lye;
 But who can hope for Truth within a Place,
 Where not one Symptom's to be found of Grace.
 Here likewise, smoaking over Mild and Stale,
 Sate D—by, Keeper of Knight Marshal's Goal,
 Here one-ey'd *H—ll* a Judge's Tipstaff late
 Now clerk of the Enquiries, drinks in State;
 Justly call'd *Father* by our Dame, 'tis true,
 Since without him there would be nought to do.
 When not a flinging the merry Main elsewhere,
 Or at the *Pharoah* Bank in *Hampstead* Air;
M—gan with him, joint Landlord of the Ground,
 Whereon *Leigh's* Booth and *Bullock's* to be found.
 Here o'er a Tankard and a Pipe receive
 Such Monies as the *Doctor's* pleas'd to give;
 Who, though the Steward styles himself forsooth,
 Not only Landlord of the Ground, but Booth;
But less Amendments where there's little said,
Hist for the Wench that was this Doctor's-Maid.

In the



Minories.

NO House of Entertainment far or near,
 Can outvie this for Potency of Beer;
 For Punch, for Rum, and Brandy's speedy Vent,
 The Liquors, and the Reckonings, give Content;
 All Utensils within so clean and neat,
 You might almost, if it were decent, eat
 Upon the Floor, whereon you place your Feet.
 This shews good Huswifry, and speaks the Fame,
 Of the well-temper'd hospitable Dame,
 Whose Olive Branches round her Table spread,
 Display the fruits of a most faithful Bed.
 But above all, when you the Landlord see,
 You view a Man that is genteely free,
 Without Impertinence a jovial Host,
 Ever within the Boundaries of his Post,
 Easie and unaffected in Address,
 Either to greater Customers, or less
 Commanders and Commanded both, still seem,
 Equally to depart home pleas'd by him,
 Whose smooth Behaviour will abide the Test,
 Of the most haughty and most humble Guest,
 Add we to these Delights of Sight and Taste,
 That if your Eyes are on the Ceiling cast,
 Thence pendent hang such Rarities, as might
 Be proper Objects for a Greshamite;
 Furnish his Curiosity with more
 Wonders of Nature than he saw before,
 In fine, though too much cannot well be said,
 On such a fertile subject-dealing Head,
 As these are Wonders, wond'rous is this House's Trade.

Spittle-



fields.

JOHN ANDREWS, alias upright JOHN, whose gate
 Speaks him erect, and as an Arrow strait,
 Rules here in Chief, as Master of the Dome,
 Whither great Multitudes of Tiplers come,
 In Rooms carousing, and Green Arbours some,
 To guzzle double Beer at single Price,
 And swallow a full Gage for half a Sice.
 This Landlord, when High-Constable severe,
 W—r—ter the lofty, with assuming Air,
 His House of Skettles, and of Cards, would clear,
 Stood Tryal when Indicted, and at last
 That empty Tool of Magistracy cast.
 And why should he not do so, since it's plain,
 To all Men, that have any share of Brain,
 The Gaming Statute never was design'd,
 To bar refreshing Body, or the Mind ;
 But to suppress the then prevailing Vice,
 Of ruin'd Families at Cards and Dice.
 On TUESDAY Nights, here Gentry, to commence
 Skill'd in the Noble Art of Self Defence,
 Learn how to make a Parry, and to Thrust,
 To all the Rules of Traverse truly just,
 Here likewise, upon FRIDAY Nights appears,
 A Club for Musick held these Forty Years,
 To which Low, the Tobacconist, belongs,
 An hearty Soul for Instruments and Songs,
 BIRD, a great Dyer too, frequents this ken,
 The most obliging and behav'd of Men ;
 And so does BUTLER, by whom Proverb's cross'd
 Whose Verity no way in him can boast,
 Since though that says, Nine Taylors one Man make,
 This Taylor can nine Men to Atoms shake.

Windmill-



hill.

THIS House, to give to CÆSAR CÆSAR's due
 Contains such Drink as is surpass'd by few,
 And holds a Landlord whose frank open Heart,
 Of most his Brother Victualler's gets the start ;
 Tho' could he less Credulity have shewn,
 That others Breasts were guiltless as his own,
 He ne'er had Losses upon Losses known.
 Witness the time when that most finish'd Cheat
 F——E cajol'd him with his Rum Receipt.
 In K—α's B—CH walks :—No. 7, for that
 Witness again the Promise which was made
 By the same Limb of Petty-fogging Trade ;
 For so much Money paid him down in Hand,
 Commissioners were so at his Command,
 That CÆSAR SHUTTLESWORTH, for they're his Names,
 Should be Tide-Water in the RIVER THAMES ;
 But, if that Post should difficult be thought
 And tiresome, a more easy should be got.
 One at their Office, who of Forfeits judge,
 Where not a soul amongst them acts the Drudge ;
 Or else to make a Man of him at once ;
 For which he ought to break this F—er's Bones ;
 Whene'er some Folks should NOVA SCOTIÆ quit,
 And he had found a Quirk at Law for it,
 CÆSAR should not of Pounds Four Thousand fail,
 As Tribute paid to him down upon the Nail ;
 But tho' such Frauds as these might others break,
 WAYLETT, by none in Founder's Art surpass'd,
 Tuneful in Soul, as in the Bells he casts ;
 With whom, as Props, both SMITH and ALLEN sute,
 BOWDEN and DAVIS, of unstain'd Repute.

Isling- ton.



BE certain when you at PAUL GRIFFIN's stop,
 While he is in his House it needs no Prop;
 Since in this little Dapper Fellow's seen,
 A Man that drinks his Glass up wond'rous clean:
 As he two Journeys, in one Day will take,
 And kill himself almost, for a merry Living's Sake.
 Nor does the neat good Woman of this House,
 Tho' vers'd in other Matters than her Spouse,
 At Cookery fall short of him in Pains,
 To dress Meat well, while Drinking turns his Brains;
 Unwearied in her Labours to restore,
 To pristine Health, sick Persons at Death's Door:
 Whereof but few, that Lodge with her for Air,
 Find her successful in her tender Care,
 Which more than the Physician's NOSTRUM serves,
 And raises Lodgers sinking in their Graves.
 Whom, if they're Females, our facetious PAUL,
 His *Angels* always takes delight to call.
 Or, what's with him the more accustom'd Word,
 To Titles of his *Lovelies* they're preferr'd;
 One of the which, S— G—Y, the Printer's Wife,
 That to HIS, owes her renovated Life;
 When free from Gout, our Host's alert and gay,
 He dignifies by Style of *Lovely Gray*;
 Since she, by Lodging at his House is grown,
 As plump as Plenty, from mere Skin and Bone.
 Add we to this, what's more distinguish'd found,
 Are Trees that shade a pleasant Skittle Ground,
 Which PAUL attends himself to suck his Face,
 And brag, when Drunk, of making BENDERS* Case.

* He'll tell you that he was the first Man in England that made Constantinople or Bender Cases.

NON SINE LUMINE.

Goswell-



Street.

DOWN from the *Star and Garter* we proceed,
 To Sign, on which Three *Latin* Words we read,
 As without Doors, *non sine Lumine* sees,
 Shews our Host *Legit* has some Light within,
 This Man of Men, for so we must him style,
 Receives us *Coming* with a courteous Smile,
Going, salutes us with an equal Grace,
 His *Wine*, his *Beer*, as grateful as his Face ;
 That tells us from its Cheerfulness we may,
 Just as we please, either depart or stay,
 Use our Freedom, his Behaviour such,
 Whether we speak for little, or for much,
 No Drawer here impertinent to bawl,
 And interrupt us with, *Sirs, do ye call?*
 The Props that chiefly do this House support,
 Are none of our Frequenters of the Court ;
 But Customers of a much better sort. }
 They deal not here for Chalk, nor Pen and Ink,
 The ready Money pays for ready Drink ;
 While the rich Hogman fills around the glass
 And Cow-keeper will not his next Man pass,
 While *Toby G—n* a full Bumper takes,
 Protesting that as *F—ll—r* brew'd, he *bakes*,
 And swearing that his Worship for that Reason,
 Ought to have borne him Company to Prison ;
 While in a Word, still sitting Cheek by Jowle,
B—ll pulls deeply with his Comrade *C—le*.

Red-cross-



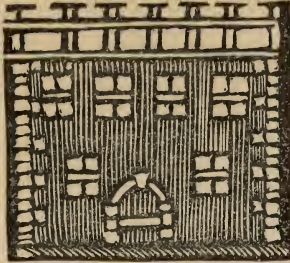
Street.

DICK W—T, of all Mankind, it's very certain,
 Fulfills the Proverb which says, Fools have Fortune :
 For in the first Place, favour'd by that Goddess,
 That ever sides with the most brainless Noddies ;
 After three Wives Decease, and gone to Pot,
 A Fourth, as luck wou'd hav't, this Host has got ;
 Who but for wedding this, her hireling Slave,
 Never one Sign of Indiscretion gave,
 A Woman of good Management and Sense,
 And undeserv'd by him without Offence.
 Tho' he well serv'd by *CALVERT and by FEAST,
 Finds that his Trade's, by pow'rful Drink, increas'd ;
 And has, of late, an House adjacent thrown,
 By a triumphal Arch into his own ;
 Through which he prides to pass, and to repass,
 With Joy that seems to wanton in his Face,
 Like that of Hero, who with Grandeur gay,
 Makes Publick Entrance on Thanksgiving Day.
 Lofty he looks, as if no Ground he felt,
 Up to the Fabrick, which his Money built.
 Such was his tow'ring Arrogance of Thought,
 When he, to speak for Hackney Coachman brought,
 Said to the Justice, to give him Title high,
 So may it please your Worship's Majesty.
 The Chief Supporters that for Tipple call,
 And make a furious Noise† in Buck-Ratt-Hall,
 Are first Tom B—Y, that deals in Gin,
 And takes Whore's Caps in Pawn, when Money's thin.
 Dame DICK the Butcher too's a mighty Man,
 Dame JACK, the Snob, both great at Cup and Can.
 Rattle-skull SPR—M, drunken JONES, who'll swill
 Down as much Bub as B—LL—D, or as H—LL ;
 Nor must the greasie Sides-man be forgot,
 Nor Glyster Pipe, an uncontested Sot.

* Two Brewers.

† The new Room.

Ironmon-



ger-lane.

THIS House is kept, although its Drink mellow,
 By one JACK H—LL, a poor brainless Fellow,
 A skip, advanc'd from Livery Coat, of late,
 To a Blue Flag, with which he struts in State,
 And claims almost as much Obeysance too,
 As if he rode first Admiral of the Blue.
 The chief of Liquors that are styl'd the best here,
 Is Drink that's Christen'd by the name of CHESTER,
 Over which S—W—B—DGE, Lord of all the Props,
 Diverts himself each Night, when in his Cups,
 With Dialogues, no doubt Instruction-Proof,
 Between the Landlord, and an IRISH Oaf,
 Whom superannuated in Grimace,
 They with the learned Name of Doctor grace ;
 So call'd, perhaps, because at Funeral's still,
 He lights those to the Grave the Doctors kill.
 Other Supporters of this Tipling ken,
 Are young Excise and Court of Conscience-Men.
 One of the first of these, when late a Courting,
 Had like t'have hook'd in a West Country Fortune,
 By means of the good wife within the Bar,
 That deals as Broker in such sort of Ware,
 Tho' she has impair'd her Trade by'ts taking Air.
 The Chief of all the Last is Satan's Godson,
 The high and mighty Jobbernolling H —N,
 A Wretch, still bragging of his brave Exploits,
 In cheating Cripples of their Parish Doits ;
 With his wide Mouth, still gaping like the Grave,
 Which never ceases to demand and crave.

}

Milk-



street.

THE Landlord here advanc'd from a Musket brown,
 To a Blue Flag, and House of some Renown,
 By an old C—st—off of the D—gist B—l,
 When of each other they'd their Bellies full;
 This Champion Earl has plac'd without his Door
 To shew what Calling he was of before;
 How he in Wars and Warriors took Delight,
 And had stood Centinel full many a Day and Night.
 Here in tall Glass that has the Maids regard,
 Who still must like what's a full measur'd YARD,
 Large quantities of BURTON Ale are swill'd,
 By Gangs of Warehouse-Men in Traffick skill'd;
 Who, all from MANCHESTER, full North t'a Man,
 Cry Sharp's the Word, and bite that deepest can.
 As ev'n some Quakers, most demurely grave,
 Herd with them to be taught to play the knave,
 With YEAS and NAYS to gloss o'er Things untrue,
 From GODFREY's Court, and H—cock and his crew,
 Whose Sanctimonious Mouths are seen to water,
 When JENNY drinks, the Butter-Woman's daughter;
 That grasps the Glass with a most ardent strength,
 And seems almost to eat it for its length;
 But what's the most surprising of the whole's,
 Here M—TT, the Printer, grills a Press that rolls,
 Who ne'er was brought to such a Pass before,
 Was bully'd into Payment of a Score;
 That long had stood, and long was like to stand,
 (To shew, that he to's Mouth could lift his hand)
 Stedfast and fix'd; as Tune to Hundred Psalm,
 Before, 'twas thought, 'twould touch the Landlord's Palm.

Queen-street, Cheapside,



THIS Man, Lord bless him ! with his thin-jaw'd Spouse,
 Knocks under Table, and her Rules allows,
 Turns Poet, to speak well of her, when none
 Besides himself, would take her for his own ;
 But he, poor Man, from OXFORD chandler sprung,
 Truckles, and is precarious to her Tongue ;
 He draws, and draws, his Customers to please,
 But she, a Shrew, denies him Rest and Ease,
 What Pity is't, that Whiffler of APOLLO
 Should have a noisy Drum of Scold so hollow,
 That, Day and Night, drowns all his choice Expressions,
 By her shrill Voice's insolent Transgressions.
 Mercy on me ! had I but such a Wife,
 So amicably known a Friend to Strife,
 So friendly to the Breach of Friendship's Laws,
 Such an eternal Clack, without a Pause ;
 Then, then should I, in Noise and Nonsense drown'd
 In *Mill'cent, have a Hundred thousand Pounds.
 Thus writes her Husband, whom she Daily scoffs,
 Plac'd by her amongst Ignorants and Oafs,
 At the same time the Fellow shews his Cunning,
 And born in OXFORD, gives her CAMBRIDGE PUNNING,
 O TOM ! take heed, who call your self HAL WILDAIR,
 You do not make your self a very Child here ;
 Speak not (if you would roundly at the Globe,
 Gain from the Vintner's Cask, or Brewer's Tub)
 Of Col'nels, Captains, Doctors, or of Lords,
 Topers are seldom fond of wayward Words ;
 Especially from such as they maintain,
 Nor with Fools Pence, Enrich a Fool in Grain.*

Our Host being offended because he was not in our First Part, we hope we have here made Amends for that Neglect. * Her Name.

Over-against Aldermanbury-Postern.



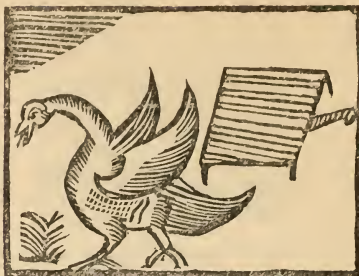
A Gainst that Wall, where BEDLAM's Backside's shewn,
 And good Sir HARCOURT's Frontispiece is known ;
 There stands a House, accustom'd long to Trade,
 Of old, well prop'd by many a fuddling Blade,
 Though it, of late, has, needful of Repairs,
 Been held up by Supports, unlike to theirs,
 By Beams, its crazy Fabrick to sustain,
 And give it back its pristine Strength again ;
 Each Room made commodious to receive
 The Guests, that daily their Attendance give,
 To make their Host JOHN WENDLEBOROUGH thrive
 Whose Stores of Amber, and of other Beers,
 Mellow'd, refined, and smooth'd with Age and Years,
 In divers Cellars lie besides his own,
 And prove our quondam Tonsor wealthy grown,
 Who, while we must allow he well behaves,
 Our Pockets, not our Beards, now closely shaves.
 Among the rest, whom th'above Drinks invite,
 JOHN W——x calls in here by Day and Night ;
 A Cook, if that is not a Name too high,
 For a Pease Porridge-Vender by the by,
 One, that in nothing else beside it deals ;
 But Hasletts, Trotters, and a few Cow-Heels.
 There Dr. BR—N too, whose Physick Courses,
 Are learnedly prescrib'd for Heels of Horses ;
 And his fat Brother of the Drench, who scarcely
 Will lose the Name of Buttock and of Parsely :
 This Man, when Groom or Coachman is a dry,
 Calls for Great Tankard, by the style of MY.
 But above these, and every other Guest,
 HAM—D's the Man, whose Character's the best.

St. Ann's-lane, Aldersgate.



O Thou! that tak'st thy Christian Name from Saint,
 Who's Tutelary to the men that Paint,
 And wear'st a Sirname, that can ne'er be right,
 Since, though thy Name is LUKE, no colour's White;
 Give ear, and hearken to the great Renown
 Of thy pale Hocky, and Two-peny brown,
 Thy Dram, that has of Custom good no Failure,
 And's with an Emphasis, styl'd Dr. TAYLOUR,
 Hearken, I say, whilst at Back-Gammon seen,
 Thy Time does slip away with Slipper-maker GREEN,
 With whom, so drill's the over-ruling Cast,
 Glove-General WILLS has almost play'd his Last.
 Forc'd to abscond a while, as it's confess'd,
 And leave an egg unhatch'd within his Nest.
 But, above all thy Customers, Tom Sly,
 Good Mrs. LUKER's servant, by the by,
 Is careful, with his Handsel, to salute you,
 And with half Pint of Hocky pay his Duty,
 As he, at opening Door of this thy House,
 Watches for Drink, as does a Cat for Mouse.
 Not but this Sot is suited to a Hair,
 By B—ND the Cobler, who'll protest and swear,
 That upon MONDAY's and on TUESDAY's drunk,
 He'll deal in nothing but strong Beer and Funck:
 This Fellow, when with Drink-expecting Eye,
 He sees a bouzing Comrade passing by,
 Whips out of Stall, with an old Shoe in Hand,
 And makes him to the Tent of Tipling stand;
 At the same time he hates the Name of Cobler,
 More than a bit Subscriber does a Bubler.

St. Paul's Church-yard.



View but the Sign ; and it will make you Smile,
 At sight of Goose and Instrument to Broil,
 This will excite you both to Drink and Eat,
 Oh ! for a Leg ! for its delicious Meat,
 To relish the Strong Tipple retail'd here,
 And give, more a ZEST in Wine, to Beer ;
 But I forget, the Birds unpick'd I see,
 And will wear Feathers still in Spight of me.
 DUTCH Carvers from St. PAUL's adjacent Dome,
 Hither, to whet their Whistles, daily come.
 Not Tools, and as their Guts with Belch they feast,
 To crave still more in Language of the Beast.
 Old W—M B—Y, or if you please, Old Bunkar,
 Is often at free cost most deadly Drunk here.
 This Wealthy good-for-nothing Wretch of late,
 Till he by Building climb'd to an Estate,
 Was Master of this House, wherein he still
 Lodges, of powerful Bouz to take his fill ;
 And that same Throat, with strongest Guzzle glut,
 Which he for Widow B—N at Tavern cut,
 JACK Y—G too, and a crowd of Fiddlers more,
 Here tire the Guests, and play them out of Door.
 As every Mother's Son amongst the Crew,
 Both eats and drinks, and spends but Pence called Two,
 For Pennyworth of Cheese, besides good Bub ;
 Their Bread, their own, throughout the Cats-Gut-Club.
 Bob B—N, the Painter, too's another Prop,
 Famous for taking Women's Linnen up ;
 JACK B—W likewise known for Tipping Four,
 And EAT—N never backward at a whore,
 Cum multis aliis.

Carter-



lane.

ENtring this House, when thirsty Lips are dry,
 We shall not only please our Taste, but Eye,
 That wheresoe'er it's cast around, surveys
 All Things conducive to its Landlord's Praise,
 Whether this little merry Grig of WALES,
 GRIFFITH, diverts us with Cod's Splutter Nails ; —
 Or his Wife BETTY, a sharp pretty Tit,
 Full as an Egg—nay, fuller far—of Wit,
 Obliges us with an harmonious Song,
 From the soft melting Musick of her Tongue.
 As, for the Liquors, pale, or stout, or plain,
 No better can be found in all the Lane,
 They, of themselves, will of their Goodness speak
 Of Strength enough to hold their Master's Back, }
 In making those alone that Drink them weak.
 Nor are the Tiplers that this House support,
 Of a mean, abject, mercenary sort.
 Here Wo—TER, that's a Mirror of a Man,
 And lives in PAUL's Church-yard, at sign of Swan,
 Drinks when at Leisure, and he Time can spare,
 For sake of Kinswoman within the Bar.
 NED JON—S and WILLIAM WAT—RS too are seen
 Here, to take off their Glass and Tankard clean.
 With Rook—BY, who's a Trencher-man most fierce,
 At a Calve's Face, and at an Ox his A—se,
 Wherein most violently deep he cuts,
 To still the Cravings of his hungry Guts ;
 Not that he acts more keenly at his Vittles,
 Than S—RT the Toper, who's a Dab at Skittles.

The Rarities of the Goose and Gridiron (mentioned on the
 Other side) are 1. The odd Sign. 2. The Pillar which supports
 the Chimney. 3. The Skittle-Ground upon the Top of the
 House. 4. The Water-course running thro' the Chimney.
 5. The Handsom Maid Hannah.

Carter-

lane.



DRawling *Tom Beedle* in this Mansion dwells,
 Boasting that none in fuller Quarterns sells,
 And the old Bragadoccio would speak true,
 Were *his*, fill'd at the *Top* and *Bottom* too.
 Here *Proctors* that delight in single Lives,
 While they get Pelf by Licences for Wives,
 Us'd some time since, for Eight Pence each *per* Head,
 To be at Dinner Season daily fed,
 Till *Tom*, who found young Appetites too keen
 For such a Sum, advanc'd those Pence to *Ten*;
 For which each Mother's Son may rule the Roast
 Furnish'd with *Belly-Timber* at his Cost.
 So that the Man, who dealt in *Coals* before,
 And Wholesal'd and Retail'd the Sulph'rous Oar,
 By which their *Meals* got ready to be eat,
 Were dress'd, now trafficks not in Coals but *Meat*,
 And may, much Gain from his New-Trade arise,
 No Stomachs damp it of too great a Size,
 Such as is Proctor *T—v—r's*, whose Throat
 Swallows down Food for a whole Tun of Gut;
 But as Wat *Hutch—s's*, whose genteel Air,
 Shews his Behaviour Gentleman-like fair,
 And pleasing to the Girl that keeps the Bar,
 She's a young smirking Midwife, mark you that,
 And Madam *Laycock* must know what is what.

Amen



Corner.

WELL may the *Cock*, with crest erected Crow,
 And look with State on the adjacent Row ;
 Since by the Liquors, here, in Plenty sold,
 He may his Head above his Neighbours hold ;
 And, as he once had done in *Clench* his Days :
 His present Master's Fortunes amply raise :
 Though now grown starch'd with supercilious Air,
 This House's wonted Guests to *Dog* repair.
 There, over Wine, their Hacney Scribes to cheat,
 And bite them with a Glass and Bit of Meat.
 For still the Drink's of every kind is good,
 The same the moderate Price of wholesome Food,
 As, in the time just mentioned, that it well
 May be affirm'd *Old Clench* survives in *Bell*.
Bell, who's not only well-behav'd, but read,
 And can Discourse on many a knotty Head.
 Name but the Subject, and he'll hit Pat,
 With Explanation upon this and that ;
 As we in him a Churchman staunch may view,
 To Monarchy and to Religion true,
 While *John* the Porter, *half Seas o'er*, does quaff,
 And guzzle down *full* Pints of *Half and Half*.
 Nor though Whig Book-worms pass this Mansion by,
 (Such as is *Ch—ld*, with a malignant Eye,
 Full of his Brother *B—r's* empty schemes)
 Shall he want Friends in *Morp—w* and in *James* ;
 Since they with a much better Grace prevail,
 For more delicious Draughts of *Oxford Ale*.

Smith-



field.

Hence we, for Order cannot well be kept,
 Where many Houses must, of course, be slip'd,
 Through Streets and Lanes, doadling to SMITHFIELD
 [WEST,

Whose Horns well-spread, and spacious to the Eye,
 Remind us of Brow-Antlers low and high,
 Not only plac'd on Foreheads poor and small :
 But even on SOUTH SEA Gentry and the Qual—.
 This House, before it was rebuilt for View,
 Stands on the Ground that once contain'd two,
 The one the PURSE, I wish it had been full,
 For his sake that's turn'd out t'enrich the BULL :
 Though, this however's for him to be said.
 BARNACLE can't be deem'd without a Head,
 Since he, the *Undertaker undertook,
 And prov'd an Host that reckon'd with his Book,
 As he 'fore TURB—T the Possession got,
 Of the whole Tenement upon the spot,
 Made EVANS pay down many a Piece of Gold,
 Before it was his Right to Have and Hold,
 By way of Marriage to new purchas'd Lease,
 That WELCHMAN put it in his Power to fleece ;
 But Caution whispers us, that Mum's the Word,
 And bids us call no Cit Canary Bird.
 What, if a Drover has his Hundreds lost ?
 Must this be censur'd at another's Cost ?
 A Sots Affair, 'tis manifest and clear,
 Concerns a Victualler only in his Beer ;
 For he, who will, no better than he shou'd,
 He'll never want Custom, while his Drink is good.

* Evans from whom he rented the House.

Essex-

street.



MILES, whom this Mansion for its Master owns,
 And who's the Successor to Mistress JONES,
 That out of it, by Dint of Female Strength,
 Buried three Husbands, stretch'd at their full length.
 MILES, a Companion full as good as e'er
 Stuck by a Tankard of good humming Beer ;
 Shews, by the Tools of Black your Honour's Shoe
 That are in publick Room expos'd to view,
 He does the Rules of Charity pursue.
 This little Punch, so his Boy's call'd, can prove,
 Of late from Gallows but a Third Remove,
 When in the Streets a Vagabond he stol'd,
 To clean Folks Shoes, with both his own unsol'd,
 Till soft compassion warm'd our Landlord's Breast ;
 From Satan's Jaws to rescue the Distress'd,
 To civilize an Infant wild and loose,
 And keep him from the Dread of TYBURN's fatal Noose.
 May a full House its just Rewards display ;
 May this good Man Heav'n's Blessings threefold reap,
 For throwing thus his Bread upon the Deep.
 May F— still drink like Fish one Pair of Stairs,
 And give himself a sort of Bencher's Airs ;
 May the old Lawyer too, that sits below,
 Ne'er from his Practice of Night-Visits go :
 May still JOHN FAITHFUL due Attendance pay,
 And JOSEPH REMNANT thirst twelve times a Day :
 May HOLLINGHURST of Guzzle be no stinter,
 Nor FRY, that drinking, almost frys in Winter ;
 Nor Botching MEDLEY, with his Buckle Wife,
 Cease moist'ning of their Clay o'er Dainties, during Life.

E

Near Hick's-Hall.



NEXT, if we trace the Guidance of our Nose,
 Twill lead us where good Drink of all sorts flows,
 Where Men of try'd Experience, Sporters Keen,
 Drink up their Glasses, and their Tankards clean;
 Such as are FR——s merry as the Day,
 Such pretty DICK, the scribe, alert and gay,
 Such (for no honest Man but takes his Part,
 Howe'er Dame Fortune jilts him) ——'s Friendly Heart;
 Not but these three Associates more would please,
 If they would do so by much less Degrees,
 And be their own Friends more than they're DU PR——s. }
 A Landlord, who but laughs within his Sleeve,
 To see each one their proper business leave,
 Carouse from Morn to Night, from Night to Morn,
 That his Law Costs for Oysters may be born;
 For an old Fishwoman's renown'd Defeat,
 With much ado most Cavalierly beat,
 Forc'd to preserve her precious life by Flight,
 And afterwards to get four Guineas by't.
 So well this Hero of Law Pedlars knows,
 The Rules whereby a crafty Trickster goes,
 That's us'd to Fan the Flames his Breath has blown,
 And burn his Client's Fingers, not his own;
 This he might learn from his Sage Lodger BR——m,
 Who in such Cases is a dextrous Sham;
 But who can set one that is Headstrong right,
 Or fix a Brain that's like a Feather light?

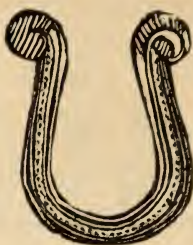


AND hence, good sober Sirs, let's take a jump,
 To honest *Davis's* against the Pump,
 Thy Cyder Evan ! and thy rare *Welsh Ale*,
 Are too well known to need from us a Tale,
 Thy Humour, and thy *Latin* are so good,
 'Twou'd make one split his Sides, by G—d it wou'd
 Thy *Salve Domine, Tu quoque salvus sis*,
 Enough to make a Man himself be-piss.
 What hast to drink ? says L— ; quoth merry *Davis*,
 Cyder, Ale, Brandy, *Utrum horum Mavis ?*
 Sir, if you like not that you put your Lip in,
 I have a Glass of Glorious Golden Pippin.
 Whoever then admires good Liquor, Wit,
 Humour, and in good Company would sit ;
 And wisely sets it to himself a Rule,
 To be in Winter warm, in Summer cool,
 Must be at *Davis's* or he's a Fool. }

But I had almost quite forgot to tell,
 That Tuneful* *Parry* does with *Davis* dwell.
 The *Thracian Orpheus*, as the Poets sing,
 Made Forests dance, and Brutes attend his String ;
 All Nature wond'ring at the pleasing Lay,
 Took Ears, and listen'd to the Harpers Play ;
 But, had Blind *Parry* flourish'd in those Times,
 (For all the *Thracian's* Numbers, and his Rhymes)
 Nature had turn'd from *Orpheus* to the Dim,
 Nay, *Orpheus*, and his Harp, had dangled after him.

* A blind Harper, who married a very handsome young Lady ; from the Star and Garter, at Islington, Broker and Father !

Blowbladder-



street

JAMES MONK here from the *Cock* in *White-hart-yard*
 Near *Drury's* Hundred, claims our just Regard.
 A Man that must be Mettle to the *Back*,
 And throughly vers'd in Matrimonial Smack ;
 Or h'had ne'er flung a comely Dame on *Hers*,
 After sev'n Weeks were spent in Widow's Tears,
 For Spouse departed from this Mortal Life ;
 Who'd live a *Widow*, that might be a *Wife* ?
 This House of Houses, formerly the best
For Drinks well-bren'd, and choice of Meats well dress'd,
 Had dwindled in Repute since *Ridley's* Days,
 'Till MONK restor'd it from its last Decays,
 Just like the General of that glorious Name,
 Who brought these *Nations* to their wonted *Fame*.
 No Man far better *Two-penny* can wish,
 Which B—ll, the Lawyer, swills like any Fish,
 While Tonsor *Scarlet*, like his Name appears,
 And *Gibson*, for full Draughts, lays by his sheers ;
 With *James* and *Austin B—lton*, sacks a-main,
 And *Sh—ck—gh* gapes for it like Earth for Rain.
 As *Sheep*, the Fidler, keeps the last awake.
 With Talk of Birds, which both their Fanck
 And old Fan-painting *Wood*, who's a *French Roman*,
 In Med'cines for those Birds will yield to no Man.
 When Sick, or molting, they their Feathers shed,
 A Doctor fit, when Drunk, to cure the Dead.
 As Liquors brew'd by *Nicholson* and *Tate*,
 Trips up his *Heels*, as it ascends his *Pate*.

St. Martins



le Grand.

THE Man, that these *Three Morrice Dancers* owns,
 Is, tho' a *Welshman*, none of *Merlin's Sons*.
 That Prophet always held it to be good,
 His Oracles to deal from *Druid's Wood*;
 This, while he brings not his descent from thence
 Through Vehicles of *Pewter*, shews his Sense;
 As he from Pints and Quarts of Min'ral Mold,
 Speaks by his Drink, what strange Events they hold.
 Since ev'ry Drop contain'd therein's so strong,
 That it unbinds the Fetters of the Tongue,
 Gives a full Loan to Words unripe for Sound,
 And makes us seem to tread on Fairy Ground,
 That moves almost like *Delos*, when afloat,
 Caus'd by the Liquor swimming down our Throat,
 Drink that most Customers by Scores, engross,
 While *Hockley's Hole* shall boast an *Andrew Cross*!
 The Props on which this House, in chief depends,
 And who're *Dick Jones*, the Landlord's, kindest Friends
 Are *Green* a *Heel-maker* of good Repute,
 With *Hammond*, who makes *Lasts* to fit our foot,
Murp—t the Mercer too, and *L—lock* dapper,
 A little merry Wight, that deals in Paper,
 Sit sometimes here among the Tippling Crew,
 That to be *stich'd*, leave *Stitching Coat* and *Shoe*,
 While *Williams*, a *Welsh Fidler*, slimb and arch,
 Plays his late Grace the Duke of *Ormond's March*.



THE Drink which *Ivey* sells that owns this sign,
 Clings to the Pot as *Ivy* to the Vine,
 Its Froth remaining to its latest drop,
 And loth to quit its *Hold*, when all the *Beer's* drunk up.
 This knows the Man, who with *Right Rev'rend* Name
 Lives with another's *meritorious* Dame,
 Whose Husband sometimes to his Shop repairs,
 And makes his *Lasts* to fly about her ears,
 For thus defiling her Connubial Bed,
 By planting large *Brow-Antlers* on his Head.
 The *Good Man*, that the self same Trade pursues,
 Now turn'd to making Clogs from making Shoes,
 Will likewise by th'abovesaid Truth abide,
 And be a Witness on this liquor's side.
 As also *M—rphet*, spoken of before,
 Who frequently spends here a vacant Hour,
 With *Con—way*, a Guzler clean and neat
 Of *Leather-Cutting* Trade in *Angel Street*.
 Nor must we pass a certain *Crispin* by,
 Who's *Heart* was *well*, when's *Neck* was turn'd *awry*,
 'Till in its proper Place again 'twas set.
 He'll testify the Strength of this same Wet :
 Though he can't give great Tokens of his own,
 At the same time his Wife's in want of none—
 Fruitful of Issue, with contented Heart,
 By broken *Noverint Universi M——t* ;
 But above all the Chaps that use this Ken
 No Craftsman breathing vies with honest Ben
Noble by Name, that lives at *Woodstreet's* end,
 One that makes Ladies Shoes that none can *Mend*.

Leather-Lane.



WHERE CHARLES his Head near to the Globe is plac'd
 WILL AUDLEY's Drink is grateful to the Taste ;
 There, bred a Vintner, he his Wines retales,
 Choice as the best that are expos'd at Sales,
 Clean, bright and sparkling, like a Lover's Eye
 From Vineyards of the Vale, to Mountains high.
 All in their Kinds most exquisite, nor can
 The Globe outdo him, or the neighb'ring Swan ;
 Though both those Taverns have deserv'd Applause,
 For the next racy Wines that either draws,
 Besides, what recommends this Landlord more
 Than all his change of Liquors, all his Store ;
 His courteous Mein, his Industry to please,
 And win upon Affections by Degrees,
 Join'd to the Cares of a laborious Dame,
 Must one Day elbow him to Wealth and Fame ;
 Since, tho' he's, as his name declares, of Kin,
 To the fam'd Lord that founded AUDLEY's Inn.
 With humble GUISE, and with Behaviour meek,
 Alike he'll to a Gent. and Butcher speak ;
 Alike he'll welcome them for Wine and Beer,
 And thank them with a most obliging Air.
 Nor, if the nicest Eater of a Guest,
 Would have his Food by Rules of Cookery Dress'd :
 Does the good Wife of this well-manag'd Dome,
 Short of her Husband in her Business come ;
 Since we through every Publick House may look,
 And not find out a more experienc'd Cook.
 A Tavern Cook, that at one fire can boast,
 Twelve Years rul'd both the Boil'd and Roast.

Liquor Pond



Street.

IN Street where Pond with liquor us'd to flow,
 See *John Cole's* Cock, of Liquors Boast and Crow.
 O'er which *Tom Cock*, a Gun-Lock-Smith that's Old,
 Three half Pence in his Hand whole Days will hold,
 As, though he cannot speak one Word that's plain;
 For Fumes of Drink within his Pericrane,
 He Stutters out a Jargon of Discourse,
 You'll know no more of than my Lord *Mayor's* Horse;
 Yet, while you understand not what he says,
 His Tongue runs on with Tales, from *Adam's* Days
 Down to the present Times, and pausing Cries,
 Almost at every Period, when he lies,
Perish my Blood if it is not, to bind
 His Falshoods, that they may your Credit find,
John Cleverly, who to Bottom from the Top,
 Pint after Pint most cleverly drinks up,
 Is full as good a Customer and Prop. }
 He's a rare *Gamester*, when engag'd at Cards;
 Which, with the Girls, have all his keen Regards,
 Tho' to be caught, at once, with * Damsels two,
 Is more than any single Sports-Man's due.

* In *Coxe's-Alley*: Hush!

At the Coach and Horses near this Place, Fly your Kite; and
 so you may at the King's Head in Gray's-Inn-Lane,—be sure
 to carry good store of Pack-thread! But if you wou'd have good
 Liquor, and good Usage, with a Dish of Innocent Fun, repair to
 Andrew Andras's at Bagnigge House.

Bow



Lane.

NEAR to the Church, o'er which a Dragon fell
 High in the Air, upon the *Spire* does dwell,
 There stands a sign of *Bell* the Last of *Ten*,
 Well known to *Spittlefield's* and *Scottish* Men,
 That deal in Woollen or in Linen Ware,
 And Trade in *Silks*, in *Muslin*, and in *Hair* :
 Here old *Will Newell*, as it plain appears,
 Has drawn good Drink for more than Forty Years.
 A *Ton* of Man, who'll any *Wager* wage ;
 Take him what bold Adventurer dare engage,
 That not one Man in *England* can be found,
 T'out-measure in Bulk his Waste around.
 This may, by some, be look'd on as a Boast,
 Sure am I, *there's no better-temper'd Host*,
 Who'll after to the *Feathers Tavern* go,
 And from his own House treat a Guest or Two.
 Here Capt. *James*, tho' he, for Years, had sold
 Ribbond and Ferret, would a Wager hold,
 The Stake *Five Pounds* (no doubt his own in view)
That a full measur'd Yard was Feet but Two ;
 That (he insisted on it too) he'd hav't,
 Arms should be Exercis'd to *Right* from *Left*.
 Duke *Pu—ford* does also use this House,
 With *Gam*, that makes most artful *Teeth* for *Mouth*.
 Old *Howson** likewise must not be forgot,
 Than whom there's not a more eternal Sot,
 Save *Adams*,† who with Cucumbers the Bugs
 Destroys, in *Testers*, *Blankets*, *Quilts* and *Rugs*.

* A Porter, who had had 20 Children by his Lady, besides By-blows.

† An old drunken Carpenter, who first found out the Virtue of rotten Cucumbers.

Smith-



field.

WINSMORE, for so's sirnam'd our Landlord Jo,
 When ask'd to suck his Face, will ne'er cry No,
 But, while his Customers at Draughts Essay,
 To find out who shall for each Tankard pay,
 With Graziers, Drovers, Hay-Men, and the Throng
 Of Jockies, whom two Catch-poles mix among,
 Deals round the mighty Beer, to shew that he
 Can unlock all their Secrets with his Key;
 Or if they score too far without the Crop,
 Can at the ROSE in WOODSTREET lock them up.
 The very Sign bids Customers beware,
 And Spend no more than they can justly spare;
 Since, on the one hand, if the pow'rful Drink
 Lays all Things open upon which they think,
 It's a Disaster that they ought to shun,
 Risques of such Dangers ought not to be run;
 Or, if on t'other, void of true regard,
 Their Chalks swell into Bulk by drinking hard,
 They should most surely play a safer Card. }
 Not that old GR——VER needs this Lesson hear,
 Few Games at Draughts will clear his Shot for Beer;
 These he knows more, less puzzled and perplex'd
 Than when he thump'd a Cushion for a Text.
 Nor, that, BR——GG's or N——MAN, want Advice,
 Who sell their Hay at a good Market Price;
 Or RAD——FF, who with that upon his Cap,
 Better than Dugs of Kine, loves WINSMORE's Tap;
 Nor bid we PA——E the Draper to take Care,
 For he's at Draughts a most successful Player;
 But of all Soaks, deserving of Rebuke,
 He that Drinks Go-Downs, is GRAFTON's Duke.

White-Fryars



FROM FLEET-STREET thro' WHITE-FRYARS Gateway pass,
 Just on the Right if you would take a Glass,
 There, you the best of Two-penny may swill,
 With the poor Heir of worthless WICKHAM's Will,
 A Man that about twice three Lustres since,
 Left Legacies of Coyn, without the Pence ;
 And like DIEGO, in his last Devise,
 Bequeath'd him Patrimonies in the Skies :
 Or wheresoe'er the largess could be found,
 Either above, or else beneath the Ground.
 Here likewise CH——D, the Porter's tuneful Lays,
 And H——LL's, who batter'd Window-Lights does glaze,
 With H——TON Junior, who from making Whips,
 Drinks Two-penny with Sonnets on his Lips,
 Try to excell the Bull Finch in his Notes ;
 But these alas ! in vain, distend their Throats.
 In hopes of Conquest while the pretty Bird
 Warbles, and for his Musick is preferr'd.
 Musick ! than which 'tis not in human Voice,
 To send forth Melody so rich and choice.
 WILL BEMBOE, alias Admiral of that Name,
 A Sportsman good, as e'er with Gun shot Game ;
 With his lov'd Spouse, a neat and cleanly Bride,
 As Host and Hostess o'er this House preside.
 Nothing but Mirth throughout it's to be seen !
 But when the Songsters disagree therein :
 As the young Noverint Universi Folks,
 When Drunk o'er Two-penny send round their Jokes ;
 And the Maid NAN laughs out, and makes her Brags,
 Of throwing Women down with Dogs between their Legs.

Shoe-

P



G

lane.

HAVE at thee, to thine Hits WILL P—KNEY look,
 'Tis thy Turn now to come to meet the Book,
 Thou mayst good Drink, neat Rum and Brandy sell;)
 The first well Malted, as it's tasted well,)
 But in thine Ear a Word——whence came the latter, tell?
 Silence, I find, is what thy Temper suits,
 Those Officers of Customs are such Brutes;
 That should a Syllable fall of Liquors run,
 They'd be about thine House, sure as a Gun.
 Then, Mum fer such affrightful dismal Speeches,
 Enough to sink thine Heart into thy Breeches;
 For I perceive thy Colour waxing pale,
 And leave Wine Spirits for thy Beer and Ale,
 That thou thine own mayst by so doing raise,
 Who look'st around thee now with wild Amaze.
 Of a small House, thine handsomely is fill'd,
 With Folks that are in Porter's Liquors skill'd;
 And has a Right for Customers to Vie,
 With most that bear their Heads aloft and high,
 Even when their spacious Rooms few Tiplers hold
 Like unfrequented Churches bleak and cold.
 I'd feign speak well of those that use thy Ken,
 But S——N——D's Bottle Nose would Scape us then:
 A Wretch that baulk'd his Daughter of a P——le.
 By breaking off her Match with Surgeon W——LE,
 Because he'd have her Fortune on the Nayl,
 And would not be brought in, for Cakes and Ale,
 To let it in her Father's Hands abide,
 From thence not to be drawn till Lammas Tide;
 Unless like those of whom he makes his Prey,
 He'd for each Pound of's own Two Shillings pay.

High-



Holborn.

MUZZIN looks fierce, and rugged to the View,
 But yet the Man's good-natur'd, and true Blue ;
 Studious to please and lead a quiet Life,
 Could he but do so for a brawling Wife :
 Whom, if Job's Patience were but of such Force,
 As to stop Women's Tongue's impetuous Course,
 There were some Hopes that he might his reclaim,
 And bring to a more soft and easy Frame.
 But Feuds apart, for Criticks on the Place,
 Clean is the Drink, though foul this bouzing Case ;
 The first well brew'd, and in good Order kept,
 Although the Last be very seldom swept ;
 Gloomsome and dark, from Windows cloth'd with Dust
 And their Old-fashion'd Casements ancient Rust :
 No doubt, with an Intention to become,
 Like to some Deity's appointed Dome ;
 Where Shades, instead of Rays of Light, appear,
 To strike its Worshippers with awful Fear.
 Since it may be for Truth unquestion'd ta'en,
 This is SILENUS his old Drinking Fane,
 Whereof the Medal Doctor is High Priest,
 Always with some Effigies in his Fist,
 On which, as on some Idol he descants,
 When he what's unum Necessarium wants,
 To pay for Ale which he in Plenty sips,
 With the whole Tribe of CÆSAR's on his Lips.
 Old HILL—RD too, though now Emerit grown,
 Whines, laughs and cries ; but still keeps drinking on,
 Willing to sit from Night till Morning dawns,
 And drown his Loss by Children and by Pawns.
 Nor are these all, since others we could Name,
 That at MUZZIN's the Game-keeper's make Game.

H — n-



Garden.

OLD Stiff-rump, I am yours, good Mr. H — n !
 Now for some risk with you, by way of Gammon,
 For both these Words are Terms of Art in Use,
 With some that guzzle down your Barley Juice.
 Mean Sons of Earth such as Snaps and Setters,
 That sit per dew to catch, and dog poor Debtors,
 And under Covert of an Awning Shed,
 Lurk with Four Names in One Writ to be read.
 From thence, in spight of Gospel and of Law,
 The Price of that whole Writ from each to draw ;
 Nay, more, if Skulker—giving Bail is free,
 To bilk Knight-Marshal of his righteous Fee ;
 But Rules of Court are Drawbacks for such Crimes,
 And Shoulder-Dabler's punish'd oftentimes,
 When he Surety Bond takes Hog's Eleven,
 To make that odd Account in SOUTHWARK's Hogsty even.
 But these are Folks unsocial and untrue,
 Let's leave them, that the Devil may have his Due,
 And enter into this accustom'd House,
 Where sits the Landlord mourning for his Spouse,
 And crying Woe to me ! is Reckoning paid ?
 Much do I fear, that I shall want for Bread ;
 At the same time he flows in Wealth and Stock,
 And Soars above the reach of Fortune's shock :
 Howe'er, he seems quite broke upon her Wheel,
 From Sev'n Pence due from Footman of Squire NEAL ;
 And to save Charges of Journey into WALES,
 Stead of a blue one, for Black Flag prevails,
 With that, by Dint of dead Cook's dismal Air,
 To save a Waggoner's or Carriers Fare.



Props to the *Crown* on the other side.

OLD S — chell, a Smoking Porter, famous for picking the Remains out of old Pipes, for which he is said to smoke — PICKET'S Funk. Every Pipe is his First, though he smokes Twenty a Day.

Tom Bamb—e, another Porter, very honest, call'd H—m—d's Spectacles, because he can neither read nor write, but by his Means —

J—mes, a Taylor, as true a Watchman, as ever piss'd.


H—g, a lame Baker, who always pays Ready Money for his Drink, because H —d won't trust him a Farthing.

C—x a Crockery Ware Tea Seller—Steady! Steady! when over-balasted with Evening and Morning's Draughts.

Dick A—y, Tonsor, whose Intelligence is INFALLIBLE in H—d's Judgment, and seems to bid Fair for the Roman Pontiff's Chair at the next Election.

John E—ds, a Pursivant at Arms upon Occasion to any Tipstaff or Sergeant at Mace.

Harry H—gate, a grand Enemy to Morning Draughts, tho' he constantly whets off a Gallon and half of strong Bub.

 Note, We have been desired to insert something on a certain Sign, with a HOLE in't (near this Place), but as we formerly receiv'd Kindnesses from the Host, we shall omit it.

THE Letter sign'd A. T. (containing divers Remarks on the Bishop's-Head in the Old Baily) came too late to be wholly inserted: But we cannot omit P — TH, the Razor Grinder, who to save Charges, sends his Wife to her Mother's to Wash and Iron her Linen, during which time, he makes Holiday, and spends ten times more at the Right Reverend Sign than would pay a Washer-woman at Home. This Grinder is Mettle to the Back, and his Wife Ruth often Conceives, and as often Miscarries.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THose Gentlemen who can furnish us with any Hints on other Houses, are desired to direct them to *T. Bickerton* at the *Crown* in *Pater-noster Row*, and they shall be inserted in our *Third and Last Part*.



At this House there are 3 Clubs in a Day (7 in Morn, 9 at Night) Pen's Royal Gin cures the Gout sooner than the Anodine Necklace. Chatterton's other expressions are Nic upon Ni, Nemo sane Crumini Vivit, That stands upon the Quand, and upon the Quant.

As in our First Part we a Tavern chose,
 With which we did our livesome Journey close ;
 So now, fatigu'd with drinking common Bub,
 Pass we to the red hot *Geneva Club*,
 Assembled, as on Purpose, not by Chance, [*Dance* ;
 Where Youths are taught to *Read*, and *Write*, and
 Since, when Two-peny's worth of it is guzzled down,
 Learning of all kinds gets within the Crown.
 This *Simon Pen*, with virtuous Mrs. *Jude*
 His Wife, that's neither a Coquet or Prude ;
 Both Servants to the fam'd Sir *Edward Northey*,
 And of all Sots good Words for every worthy,
 Know to be true, when they fresh Quarterns draw,
 To quench the Thirst of Hackneys of the Law,
 'Mongst whom, two Stationers of *Middle Temple*,
 The Master and the Man, give good example.
 Not, but that *Qual.* are likewise to be seen,
 With Flat-Caps here a drinking powerful Gin,
 While good Sir Knight for Lyon's Baronetted,
 Is by a Cynder-Wench most humbly seated.
 The Deuce of Pride, among this Clan of Sots,
 Their whole Delight is washing of their Guts ;
 As *Chatterton*, the Barber, oft does cry
Whoop, Boys, Considera, Consideri,
 And makes you laugh, if there is laughter in you,
 With *Clamer, Ruxa, Jaci, Mendocia, Furta, Cochinu* ;
 As K—tly, certainly, as Eggs are Eggs,
 Crawls hither thrice a Day with Spindle-Legs,
 And *Splutter-Nails*, when drunk, *Welch Jemmy M--gan*
 Of Stock, in *Africk's* shares spouts out his Jargon.

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